Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

Pp.1-42. Page 1 dated April 2, 1938
Page 31 dated May 11, 1938
Page 32 dated May 20 [1938]

This manuscript has underlined chapter head

Two drafts of p.19
Verso of p.24, numbered 12 corresponds to p.12 of longer typescript and fragments p.11-12 and 10-14

2nd April 1938

2nd Night

Summer Night.

1...The Lamp.

Oh beautiful and bounteous lig g on the table; oil lamp; ancient and out of date oil l mp; upholding as on a tawny tent the falling grey draoeries of the dusk; seen across the valley; not a wandering light like the car s; but steady; assurance to the next house over there in the darknes that the fleet has reached harbour after the days toil;

the Centre of Lamp

circled by gaitered legs; s ippered feet; and dogs couchant; presiding over truth; when the active abd the urgent slip their vestments and become ~~disapprelled~~; rid of the five fingers five toes; money in the poc et; and brocches and watches; ~~when~~ the whole emerges ~~at top like a many~~ scaled ~~fish~~, all its parts now visible, not evanescent and vanishing and immortality broods; and death disappears; and the moment is for ever; yet sleep has not l athered the eye; nor doped the mind; on the contrary, the mind released from shepherding the body to knock at this door, to observe that fur, that rag, that window, that grating, this that and the other, surveys the whole unembarrasedd by th part; unimp ~~eded~~; il lamp, that calls out the colour in the fded, matches the disr dant in on unity; ~~God or Goddess~~; accept th the praise of those ~~dmmggxd~~x dazzled by daylight; drowned by upraor; oil lamp.

<u>The garden</u>

The grass was wet. Four deck chairs still stood in a circle. Mr and Mrs Perry ~~chrs~~ had come over; Mr aines the farmer ~~and perry~~. It was a question of the cess pool.

The goose faced woman with the eye proturding as if she ran with wings wide cluterring: "I am one of those people that cant eat herrings. Nor my mother either.... So we got ta ing about the new shop. how the schoolmaster had not paid for tenwety weeks meat. A joint daily. So to The Honourable Syliva at the great house. But said Perry, knocking his pipe against an old brick, about this cess pool... Upon which smelling a scent of hay was smelt. From herrings to talk of bonfires. Then to crushed verbena leaves. Then she said she remembered a farm between Looe and Liskeard. but, she added, as if a stake drove through her attaching her to even through the scent of hay to the proprieties, Weve been buried there close on three centuries. A proest againstthe buidlers trade in which her husband is a local employer of labour. He now knocked his pipe against the deck chair. Said, the contarct for the new council houses had gon to london...Paused. A spirt of black juice ran up his trouserleg; hesitated at the lips; twitched them strangely then issued; wry, sour, embittered against the firm of Brook smith at Islington which can afford to swallow us smeller fry.... A cow coughed in the meadow. She said (low, like a child stooping under a leaf; the political and econmic obersations of her husband) I never feared cows; but always horses. As a cmall child in a permabulator in a lane a great carthorse had brushed within a hairs breadth. She was only two but she could still feel it... see it.. Yes there a lot of hanky panky, the builder said. More knocks of pipes. Legs shifted. A bird chriped. omeone said, Its getting chilly.

Prayer to the Night bird.

Not to the nightingale, the amor us, the expressive,
do we trun ~~in this crisis~~; praying to be released
from the herring and the ouncil hous s; for th y sing of
death, the nightingales; but to some little anonymous,
bird of daylight, who thinking to sleep, has woken; a
sociable fowl; who shuffled in the angle of the ap le tree
canr sleep; his wings want stret hing; hence the sudden
bubble; like a child asking to be let down from the very high
chair when the grown up people are boring; round the tab;e
on ~~and~~ on; Off he flits, wise and honest bird; not afraid
of saying, snail shells, pebbles, little bits of parelsy;
worms; slugs; slime; they have, he chuckles and chatters,
still their substance and succulence, even at midnight.
Oh sensible and ironic bird, to whom there is no convention
of ~~xxxxxx~~ garves, nor knowledge of my family and oyours;
nor need of cess pools; nor how it was beneath you to marry
the local builder seeing your tom ston s were three centuries
old; come, and ~~tweak and a~~bd twitter and free our long
ears clutted up with fur; in which dust that no housemaid can
broom away has lodged, tweak us awake this jocund night of
early summer and remind us of the ~~cold~~ under out feet;
of ~~nakedness~~; how the sole of the foot and all the skin
is bare, and the hairp are still capable of sensation;
while our tongue shape the smoke in our brains into
talk ~~about herring~~ and cess pools.

At the Table.

Bart.

Old Oliver was in his usual attitude; the book between his hands; the elbows rest ng on the arms; the head supporte by the wings. the lips nibbling like a rabbit biting lettuce; rhytmically, for it was poetry.
If he looked up, he saw not us, the cess pool and the council houses, but us through a time veil, a word veil and he too seemed like a figure at the end of a road, in the aut mn; holding a gun; with a spaneil at his heels; for there was always osomehing of the squire about him; and he semed to hang in his place on the wal among those steel engravings between the curatins of public spirited gentlemen one or two of hom had assumed minatory attitudes in black gu metal in public square in front of corn exchanges; his fathers. And his lips mumbled; as he shut the book; and half closed the book; seeing us at the end of the avenue; ~~at the knot and hub of which was Byron.~~

Huh--h said, or Hush. It was taken at first to b Hush; because he had a book on his knee--Don Juan by Lord Byron. For though his father had been the local Squire; he himself had worn Her Majesties unifirm in the tropics; in the determination t save certain fields; long in the possession of the family. But always in the corner of the garrison room on top of a great trunk that had crossed the Red Sea; the China Sea and the Pacific ocean sco es oftimes; black hasped; painted with his name in great letters; there were books; and they had book plae plates;

in them; an elaborate shield.

So we decided that he was saying not hush but Huh8 that he was saying; this hour, this talk, this bird and the whole crew of you derive from Byron; who died at Missolo ghi well over a century ago. Time had passed; time stood behind us; time dark pool. However next moment it was Hush he said. Listen. Whos that ' Somebody was coming down stairs. The usual boards creaked. the waiter

He said to Perry.... Perry said to him....

Mrs Perry said.... After which (nothing was said of any interest) the general feeling of the company was like a foot that has been numbed but is warm; the veins currents of blood; the impediment removed.

The step on the stairs

Who paused? Who made the loose board creak. Ships that pass and signal each other in passing. Housemaids and bootboys in basements who raise the cup as we pass the area railing. The guesed at; vanishing; the rocket that breaks and disperses. That feeling slipped between the space that sepa ates one word from another; like a blue flower between two stones. It was however only Mrs Giles Oliver who, having forgotten whether or not she had left the light burning had come down to see.

Gold Strain of rockets — Red Gold Strain

Oh its you! she said.

The relationship between the people in the room

To take them in order of age: Mr Oliver (Colonel. retired) was the father in law of mrs Giles. aged 73.

Mrs Giles was the wife of his son, a stockbroker in

London. aged 35

Mr Haines was no relation to anybody; but lived at Murdocks. Age 45

Perry was the local builder aged 30

Mrs Perry his wife; aged 32 ; and her social s anding is shown by the fact that she had a grave three hundred years old etween Liskeard and looe.

Now Mrs Giles came in. She was like a bolster, all white. Drak pigtails hung over her shoulders. She wore a wrap, embroidered with faded peacocks. She was somnolent, like a priah dog, yellow, fleasome, lazily stetched in the dust in Constatinople.

"I saw he light on the grass" she said.

But it was eraly to have gone to bed; early to have shut the eyes. And she s t down on the three cornered chairthat wa like a Beadeles hat.

~~A chair from which~~ Mrs Perry regarded her with a ce tain animosity. Perry on the oth r hand expressed approval. Mr Haines felt (perhaps) a certain constriction. Her father in law felt as if a flower had been dropped into his stream. No more than that. Nothin changd him now. Nothing could ever change his stream now, till it went over the ra ids; and, all traffic being stopped, nothing allowed to go either way t rough the vil age, because he owned the land, the farm cart, decorated with moss and chrysanthemums, or with pri roses and palms, according to the ti m foof year, bore him, through ranks of villagers, some wearing

smocks, to the family grave.

She was only a flower; a soft blurred Stcok. sweet smelling.

He shut his book; wit his very fine veined fingers; snapping the little ~~vividness; the~~ thread that ran gilt and glittering back to is boyhood, when on a birthday, his mother had written his name in the works of Lord Byron, in a very fine hand.

Aware of the change the talk was of the scare. Measles. That was why she had gone up early. To sit with him. Its Mae was asleep now.

Oh thank you ~~so much she said~~. Thab myou, she apologised. She apologised for disturbing the conversation, which, she supposed must have been about....

The cess pool said Perry.

They did not bring the drains there because of the rates, Maines said.

The rates!" said Mrs perry.

In the Napoleonic wars, old Oliver said, mssing some connection, they had ploughed up the land, Yes, you could see the scr on the hill, where they had ploughed; to grow wheat; in the Napoleonic wars.

But you dont remember... ? Mrs Perry began.

No, he ~~did~~ not ~~remember~~ the Napoleonic wars. S ill if you went up in a plane, you could see; he touched his fingrs; the lines cut by the Saxons; the Roman road; the Elizabthan manor house; the mound raised for the beacon; & the ... but the scars were almost healed.

Mr Haines left "perhaps" haines felt a certain constriction. 8

Perhaps is a very useful word. For per aps allows the mind to indulge in many reflections: as for ex ample; haines has a secret life; haine admired the girl at the cottage on the left hand side of the raod; r mother charred. It was perhaps his child she bore; perhaps. Nor did anybody make any bones abo t that obviously pregant girl. Chit. Drab. Strumpet they called her; and she concealed her condition with a tightly buttoned grey coat, when She was 'gravid" as they say of rabbits. What then did he feel for Mrs giles? erhaps this; perhaps that. A man after all must have a hidden undergound bubbling spring; which never comes to the top --not when Mrs perry is there and Mrs giles Perhaps he measured her against --was she Lily, was she abel? erhaps he kept the child; Or perhaps there was som thing repellent to h m; chill as cold mutton in Mrs iles, the bolsert like, the pigatied. with whom, in a straw hat white blouse fastened by a golden ar ow he played tennis when there was the Whit Sunday ba aar in aid of Church funds at the recory.

Perhaps-- under its shelter as many ideas grow as there are bblades beneath a stone; but all white; denied the green that the fresh air of certainty gives; that certainty which is to tell the truth the lot of very few. would seldom attained by

In proof of this sad solid truth: (our unborn) Haines said: "Did you ever hear Sir (so he called the old man)

"of a chap" (here he hesitated as if from awkwardness at trespassing clusmily in o some higher sphere) of a poet (he made the correction as if he stood in the presence of a superiror) called Thomas?" (he brought the name out pursing his lips.) Thoma

Oliver touched the mottled cover of "yron with the tips of his fingers; yellow one was with tobbaco juice. "e also rased his eyebrows.

"Thomas? he repeated.

"A surname" said haines.

Whereupon there was a collison between the ladies. For "rs perry whose goose eyes always seemed like a bill about to gobble some pea, ~~said Thomas~~" and "rs Giles very slowly raised her head, swanwise, and, as if certain w ights had moved into position behind her eye making the hslloaw heavy; the surface dark: said

"Old mans beard!

"ainesturned in his chair.

And there was another collision.

Hm he said. meaning so you ve read that. And never thought it; so were not such fools either of us; not such simpletons.... For perhaps he laboured nder the derision of some smart sprig whom he had heard nin the recitory garden saying clever things. And perhaps he had his stock of books at the farm. Not only the Farriers gudie and the Vets companion and "ow to cure the bott and the weevil. But here and there a volume bought at the shop in the "igh street, And the other one about the dead soldier.

I like the cuckoo, is it; and the deaf man
who hears the voice....
They quoted. Remembered; forgot; stumbled.
I wish she said, shifting in her chair as they came
to an end of what the remembered; I'd known him---
Did you, Mr haines'
He shook his head.
"I doubt" said old Oliver; I doubt...."
he lenthened his lips a little and smiled.
I doubt that we should altogether have approved.
He smiled, and smiling, at them not at himself,
became himself satyr-like; a Regency buck; a diss
olute rather dishevlled old man, with an open neck;
a flowing shirt front of whi e cambric;
and a ring on h s finger, ostentatiously displaying
his much ardvertised broken heart and armorial
bearings on a red cornelian: Mrs perry ~~that is,~~
looked at him apprehensively; obviously painfully re
minded of her mid le class origin, in spite o the em
phasis which sh ahd already laid upon the antiquity
of the family graves.
"When I was a b oy" he continued, "the legend still
hung about...." It was we felt, a legend that hung
like a wreat of Travellers joy, in a duty lane;
or one of those circles of art ofical flowers,
warranted to resist the inclemency of several winters
, cheap but durable, such as lie on the rgaves of
village churchyards. Then he quoted
"I

throwing his head back,

"I'll go no more a roving by the light of the moon

And them,

Come

He stopped, like a smoker, who having blown two perfect smoke rings through his nose, watches them, complete rings, with a certain complacency. But refrain from adding athird. Arent they, after all, perfect?

Yes said haines, as if he saw the rings; and they were very perfect; but wobbling; losing shape.

How many winters and spri gs ha changed those perfect rings, that wreath of travllers Joy that legend which so obviously moved old liver and enchanted him and coloured his eyes, into the littele bare sprig of old mans beard' And why was the leaf so stringesnt so pungent to him and to---he looked at Mrs iles. hopi hoping that she would help him in asserrting the right of the living to t eir own opinions.

She shook her head ever so slightly from side to side, as i f saying inaudibly: Not for us, no.

No not for us, haines echoed, hitching up his trouser, Byron and Shelley were not for them; not in the ay Thomas was.

Mrs erry paused, as one waits for the strain of an organ to die out before leaving Church; the emoton which connected haines and Mrs iles; She did not

share it; therefore wished, having for p liteness sake let it die down, to attack it, as a thrush pecks a white butterfly. But she must wait to destroy this c[illegible]xfeeling about poetry until she was in the car; Then she would destroy it in the interests of her own superiror good sense; sense of proportion; of that fibre in her which was to some extent John erry too.

WWell she said, as if he heard the last strain of the organ die out, "We must be goi - " she held out her hand.

"And I'll fix it up" said perry, also rising.

The common feeling (about poetry) fluttered round the lamp for a moment. Why did Mrs iles and haines feel that for them these words were pungent; but not the other? And old liver--why did he feel the very opposite? What breadth of time; what r ver of people feeling, talking; and putting it into words; ran between those islands of speech; leaving the old man high and dry on his; them on theirs? Why, was there nohing but smoke to them in his recitation; and a decided prick in their own? And how had each of them--tennis partners smiling toleant boredom--- the same nerve; in the thigh it was in her case; and tingling still in connection with his; She still felt it, as she sat on the three cornered chair; though she should have risen at the same moment

as Mrs Perry; who was glaring at her, as if to say, Please Madam, recognise my existence. Which she was forced to do. And as Mr haines was going tohe same way, they gave him, naturally, a lift. as far as the bus stop.

From the outside, next morning.

Pointz Hall ' the word was orininally spelt with a y) was shown in the light of an early summer morning to be a middle sized house. It did not rank among the houses that were mentioned in books. It was homely. But just as a passenger in a train may not at first attract notice, yet half way tr through the journey shows, either by a gesture, or even by a look cast upon a horse in a f eld, or a flock of sheep grazing, that he has something singular ~~suggestive~~ about him, so this white wish house with the grey roof, and the additonal wing thrown out at right angles; which lay, unfortunate low in its meadwo, with a fringe of trees on the bank above it, and smoke curling up to the nests of the rooks, --a situation to which it owed its shelter, but also the dampness in the cellars that no builder could cure; t e santitation also was defective; this house was seductive; suggestive; a house to desire, Many indeed as they drove past said, I wonder if that'll ever come into the market' Who lives there' they asked.

The reply was

often negative. The chauffeur though coming from the county town ten miles off did not know. The history was dubious, for though the ~~Olivers~~ had been there sinc 1710, that was not a stretch of time to in that county of old mansions to make them notable; nor had they any blood connection woth the Warings, the Elveys, the annerings of the urnets who had all mixed quarters, and lay there married, buried, intertwisted like an ivy root o a wall.

On going up the principl staircae (there was a mere ladder in the back for the servants' it is true t(at a length of yellow brocade was visble; and, as one reac d the top of the stairs, a small powdered face with a pearl slung headdress on top came in view; an ancesstress of sorts. There were ~~fifteen~~ bedrooms opening out of corridors. A butler who ha married a ladies maid; and, under a glass case, a watch that had stopped a bullet on the field of aterloo.

The church clock struck eight times.

On ~~the eighth stroke~~, Mrs drew the curtain in the morning room --the faded white chintz which so agreably from the outside, tinged the windowd with its green lining. And there with her old hands on the hasp jerking it open, she stood; Olivers marrued sister; a widow; She always intended to set up a house of her own, either in ensington or at ew; so that

she could have the benefit of the gardens;
But she stayed on all through the summer months,
and then when winter wept its damp on the panes,
and choked the gutters with its dead leaves,
and it became more and more annoying of the
riginal builder to have chosen a north aspect;
her brother said they did it to escape from anture;
naturally; were not four horses required to drag the
family coach through the mud?--- also he would tell
the story of the famous eighteenth century snowstorm;
whne for fi ve days not a cart came there way;
when winter came she retired to lodgings at hastings.

But it was summer now. She had been kept awake
by the birds. How the sang! attacking the dawn
like so many choir boys falling on a plum cake.
Forced to listen, she had stretched for herfavourite
book, on the antiquity of Man; and had spent the hour
between three and four thinking of rododen dron forest
in Piccadilly; when the entire continent, not then
divided by a channel, but all one; was populated, she
understoodm by vast elephant bodied, seal necked,
splay footed, heaving, surging, slowly writhing,
baying and she supposed barking monsters:
the iqaunodon and the mastodon: From whom, presumably,
she said, jerking the window open, we descend.

Naturally it took her at least five seconds in time actual time and in mind time considerable ages to separate the actual race with the blue teacups from the leather cobwered grunting monster who was about, as the door opened, to demolish a a whole branch in the green steamy undergrowth. Naturally her glance was vague. And how she jumped, when race said putting the tray down, Good morning! Baaty Grace called her, after a moment; for as she felt on her face the divided glance of her mistress, that was half meant for a beast in a swamp, she felt somehow queerher rprint dress and apron turned to a scaly hide.

How those bords sing! said rs Swithin, at random. The window as open; the birds song certainly did come in. An obliging thursh hopped across the alwn. A coil of pinkish rubber twist d in its beak. Mrs Swithin was tempted by the sight to continue her imaginative reconstruction of the past of Europe; but as her mother had often rebuked her Theres a time for everything; and a place too. Dont stand gaping like that or the win'll change--- Such elements of social morality imprinted on her in the very room too which had been her mother's, df sixty years ago, supported her in what her brother was always calling A very different world. And so though much given to increasing the bounds of the actual moment by flights,

whether into the past or the futre, or sidelong into
such alleys and corridors as lie about the moment,
she sat down to morning tea like any other
old lady, with a high nose, ~~pinched in the middle~~,
thin cheeks, a pearl brooch, and a ring on her
finger, which once shapely was now knotted, and the
other trappings of rather poverty stricken but gallant
old age. violet silk and lace head ddress.

The terrace

It was strange and regrettable that the builder
of Pointz had pitched the house in the hollow,
when, not half a mile off, there was a stretch of
high ground. Nature had provided a beautiful terrace;
which man had neglected. Nature had provided a stretch
of turf, about a mile in lgnth and very level till it
suddenly dipped to the lily pond, broad enough
to take laid out the entire shadow of one of the elm
trees. Yet nobody within human memory had eve built
there, and you could walk up and down, up and down
under the shelter of those treesprovided, it seemed,
gratuitously by nature, for they were not purposely
planted. There were gaps; then t o or three grew
close together; heir roots broke the turf,
and there were green waterfalls and cushions of grass
between their angular toes; in which violets grew and
primroses, in spring; in summer the wild purple orchid.

~~The Terrace~~.

The nurses now after breakfast were trundling the perambulators up and down the terrace; they were talking in the low voices of nurses not, as if they were communicating ideas, pellets of information, exact and carefully formed thoughts to be conveyed accurately to another person--- but rathe as if they w re rolling sweets; which, a they thinned to a transprency under the tongue-- green yellow, or pink-- ~~gave off a mild sweetness.~~ The many sweetness probably came from what the gardener had said tthat morning; the cooks answer; she ha told him off about the asparagus; the being rung for; of those trays; and how it was a sweet costume; and the hat and the blouse to match; which was leading to soemthing abo a feller.... as they walked up and down up and down on the terrace.

It was strange and regrettable that the man who built Pointz had picthed the house in the hollow; when , not half a m le off, there was a stretch of high rgound. Nature had provided this beautiful terrace which man had neglected. Nature hadprovided a stretch of turf, about a mile in lngth, and level, till it suddenly dipped to the lily pond; and broad enough to take laid out the entire shadow of one of the elm trees. Nobody within human memory had ever built there; and you could walk up and down, up and down, under the shelter of the trees, provided by nature,

it seemed, for they were not purposely planted.
There were gaps; then two or three grew vlose together
Their roots broke the turf, and there were green
waterfalls, and cushions of grass in which
violets grew in spring, in summer the wild
purple orchis.

Amy was saying smoetmthing about a flier...
when suddenly Mabel, the elder, interrupted,
Come along georgeis--leave off grubbing" The little boy
had lagged and was grouting in the grass.
And then the bay suddenly thrust its fist out over the
counterpane, and the waxx furry bear was jerked
overboard. She had to stoop.
George grubbed. The flower blazed between the angles
of the roots. It blazed a soft yellow; a lambent
light under a film of velvet. It blazed. It tore mem
brane after membrane. It filled the caverns behind the
eyes with a soft yellow light; a light that was warm
and sweet honey smelling; all that inner darkness
was made a hollow hall of yellow light. And he looked
at the tree beyond; and the whole was stamped out on
the ground; the whole

flower; that is the flowr and a the grass and the bole of the tree; Dow on his kness on th grass he he held that completeness Then there was a roar and a hot breath a stream of coarse grey hair rushing past between him and the whole flower; a terror. A gret wild beast; rushing , destroying, terrifying.

e leapt up; toppling in his fright,a and then saw coming towards hima ter ible peaked eyeless monster moving on legs; brandihsing arms.

Good morning Sir ~~old liver exclaimed,~~ a hollow voice issuing from behind a sheet of paper.

~~Suddenly~~ he ~~crmumpled~~ the paper, which he had cocked into a sbout; And appeared in his own person, with his l ttle flaming eyes, and big nose and wrinkled old mands cheeks. erog stood gaping. Nurse slapped his back, by way of asserting her care of the child. "Say good morning to arndppa" she adminished him using another voice than the one that had served her when they were alone. he old gentleman hd sprung upon them sud nly from behind a tree.

But the old gentleman was shouting.

Cap tain captain. eel heel you brute!

The nurses turned. eorge turned. One nurse held the furry bear dangling. hey all turned to look at ~~captain~~ the Afghan elk hound bounding among the flowers. He sprang as if he were on the track of a hare.

"Heel! Heel!" the old man bawled, as if he were commanding a regiment. It was impressive to the nurses- the way in which an old gentman of his age could still shout; and make a great brute like that --whom they hated--obey him. Back came the elk hound, sidling, apologetoc. And as he cringed at the old mans feet, a string was slipped tounf his collar--the noose that old Oliver always carried.

Bad feat

There he said, you wild beast!"

George was then pro elled by the nurses towrds his grandfather. But he looked at the dog only. The hairy flanks were sucked in and out; there was a blob of foam on his nosetrils; The dog had sdestroyed the flower which had been --he looked back down at the groundp, but the flower was gone for ever.

the whole The whole flower

Oliver was annoyed. His little trick with the paper had not worked he felt. Though he had done his best to remove the impediemtn between age and youth. And he liked children. But this little chap was a cry babay. He nodded and sauntered on, smoothing out the page which he had been reading, and repateing over and over to himself as he rtried to find his placem the Franc...the franc.... The fran the franc he reapted, as if he were murmuring over the last line of a poem, ~~has been pegged down~~.... Looking up over the rim of the paper that was uncomfortably

large had been pegged down he added. But could not find his place, and it was difficult to fold the paper in the breezz; surveyed over the rim eyelessly for a m ment the familiar landscape. It was framed beteween the trees; the flowing fields; the bare bald heath; and the wood; and the road ---- Yes, it had an oddly pictorial effect--seen between trunks; like a pict re in a frame.

If he had been a painter he would have planted his easel here.

M. Daladier he read, finding his place unexpectedly has been successful in pegging down the franc....

The Bedroom

Mrs Giles Oliver drew the comb through the enormous tabgle of hair which she had never had bobbed, or shingled, or shaven after giving the matter her best attention, and lifted the heavily embossed brush which had been a wedding present, and had its uses in impressing chamber maids in hotels. She ifted it; and stood in front of the three folds of the mirror, so that she could see three separate versions of her own rather heavy handsome face and also, outside the glass, a slip of the lake, of the lawn, and tree tops.

Love, she was thinking, being in love she corrected herself, does not necessa ily cease with marraige a thought

insidiusly shaped with reprehensible vaguness to allow her to indulge the idea that there was no harm in feeling what she had felt overnight for Haines, the farmer --that pri k and tension in her thigh when he had capped her quo tation from Edward Thomas. She could feel that, and at the same time 'love' her husband. Giles the stockbroker. "The father of my children" she added, slipping into a cliché conveniently provided by fiction; and as it happened patly illustrated by the sight there coming across the lawn of perambulators, nurses and children.

"My son" she added, continuing on the rails obligingly laid down for her not only by novelists, but by her maiden aunts too---the old Miss Neils who lived at Croydon and derived immense satisfaction from such thoguhts; and from the family descent from O'Neil, king Of Ireland.

She atpped on the window with her embossed hair brush But they were too far off to hear; the drone of the breeze deafened them; the chirp of the birds; and other incidents of garden life inaudible to her in the bedroom.

So she dropped the pose; only retaining an instinctive belief that since childhood is innocent and isolated, cut off on a green island from all contact with the storms an treache ries of adult life, it was now her part, and would be till he went to school, to protect that shletred fortress, that tree girt immutnity, hedged about

with furry bears, embroidered quilts, and
Mabel and from care that complete cosmogony
which was now surrounding as with a hedge of snowdrops her
son George. But not m , not mine she sihed. No. Since she
c uld register terrible thrills from men who were not her
husband. Since suddenly Mr Haines could pierce he with
fiery arrows; since the proximity of that body could affect
hers; since the words he said could suddenly attach themselvs
to a burning spot in her, and lie between them like a wire
tawnging, tingling, vibrating; jiffering; she tried to find
a word; and thought of the infinitely quick vibrations
of an eaeroplane propeller she had watched taking off at
Croydon; faster and faster it buzzed; till all the
flails became one flail;
flalis became one whole; the screw one screw; and up soared h
the plane--- away---away...

Where we know not , where we go not not know, nor care, she hummed. Not know nor care.. The rhyme to that would be 'air'. VBlue airball air. With a feather in her hair. Bo wn

But it was incumbent on her as the old man housed them all the summer to ring up the fishmongers. She raised the teplephone. Thre four eight Bolsham, she s id.

Mrs liver speaking. What fish have you this morning?

Cod, halibut, dover sole?

snt it apt to be dry? Salomon the mi le cut...Poultry?

We have our o n....

With a blue feather in he hair. She murmrued. She suspected that she was half remebe ing a poem by Thomas hardy.

An airblue gown. For though she loved poetyr she suspected t at the little note book in whi h she wrote it was not worth anything. It was hidden among he account books.

It was like an account b ok, so that if Giles took it up, he would not suspect he of writing. No, there was slip between he cup and he lip. For instance is she went into a shop, she never came ut with the clothes she admired nor did he figure, seen against a dark roll of toursering please her. Thick of wasit, large of limb, strident in colour, rayed like a zebra, she never looked like appho; or one of thse beautifu young men whose photographs adorned the weekly papers. She always looked like the daughter of Sir Mathew eal, of 16 Eyre Street Knightsbridge, W. 1.

please her. Thick of wasit, large of limb, and, save, for her hair, fashionable in the tight modern way, she never looked like Sappho, or one of the beautiful young men whose photographs adorned the weekly papers. She looked what she was: a knights daughter; dauhter of a kni ht; and niece of Miss O'Niel, descdned , so she said, from the O'Neils, who were kings of Ireland.

NYPL

The Library

"Next to the kitchin, the library is always the nicest room in a house." This or something like it had been said so often that the words seemed to form a scroll, as if they were written, as in less self conscious times people did write words, in a mottoe over the fireplace. "The library is the nicest room in the house."

Yet this room, with the three windows opening on the garden, was neither large enough nor tidy enough to suggest a scholars life; nor the cultivated retirement of some old pensioner in a purple skull cap; nor the ardours and jealousies and triumphs of a book collector with his nose always between the pages of catalogues. Nevertheless there was the whole of literature here; from Chaucer opposite the window to the latest bright jaacketed nursling which like the current flower--primsorse tulip or daffoldil as the case might be-- had sprung on Smiths Railway bookstall only last Wednesday. For as the train took three hours to reach this midland town, this plain in rh middle of England remote from seaside villa beuty spots or famous hunting centres, no one ventured on so long a journey without buying a book to read on the jounrye tostave off possible hunger. What Chaucer had begun was continued with certain

lapses from his day to this very morning. There were books on chairs, on ta les on hollow backed setteees. Books shoulder-ed each other some unbound, others gilt sprinkled some purple, others red, and others caramel Coffee Colored a soft carmel tinted calf. Chaucer the great orginator of this still contuning conversation or argument or song faced the window.

About Chaucer there was apt to be some dulcurn argument, whether or no he was still readable; His spelling, faithfully reproduced in the nineteenth century edition in the copy here, was an obstacle. It gave those who read Chaucer a slightly unpleasant feeling of virtue; a simper of the mind comparable to the simper that came into the voice of the upper class lady or gentleman asking Bartlet (the butler) about his married daughter.A question to which bartlet replied with a little starch in his voice to match the simper. That there should be neither starch nor simper was an axiom often laid down; that the two minds should be laid so close together that there was not a paper sheet nor a grape skin or the least other impediment betwe n them; for eve if there were even a film, the light of the mind struck upon it, and discol ured pure understanding. Could pure understand ing be achieved by between Bathrolomoew and chaucer, Giles and Chaucer, Alice WSwithin and Chaucer, haines and Chaucer, Perry and Chaucer, And then

what about Bartlet and haucer, and the two nurses, Amy and abel? All adults, all capable of reading. However each of those who actually took haucer down, and did not only pass a feather broom or duster over his back, or consider him as part of the decorative scheme of the wall, believed that they were in contact with something or other; or they would not feel so spun round when the door opened; when iger snapped at a bluebottle; or the log, eaten through, sud nly crashed in the grate. Some were more spun round than others; some felt his is my ngland. This is visible to me; I am padding along the road; I am the Clerk I am the Nun I am the night; Others had a partciurlar sensation--some in the spine others in the thigh--others in the pit of the stomach--at the sound of certain words; the sound only; the sound with reference to themselves; others a desire to nown whether he seduced her or not; and others a curious feeling, as if elevated themselves on stilts, im un from any prick of feeoing, they surveyed a panorama of an agree able kind, visible to the eye on top of the stlits; a field; a ditch; a grass border; and a white road. So many were the obvious differences; and there were myriads more; for in the course of three centuries several dozens of people had opened that very copy of the anterbury tales.

To some, a snatch of poetry if it were only the rhyme on a tea-off calendar was as necessary a part of the toilet as any other; they read as they brushed their teeth. But the concentration necessary was unhygienic; they could no ore read poetry by the hour --unless stretched in a sand pit or under a tree with a pine needle for marker dipping and ceasing,,dipping and ceasing--- than they could do bdumbebell exercises or pray. It was a concentration a pressure upon the mind --poetry--that turned it to dimaond. And how could a pressure like that be maintained without inj ry to the delicate fibres? the ~~nerve~~s, the grey matter? Moreover, how could a mind go on darting r green light when so many things had to be done; not only with legs and arms; but with the multiple faculties of the mind; its curiosities its indolences, its faculty for p cking up even from the canterbury tales, a bundle of odds and ends; a snatched view down a muddy road of some cottage with a light in the window; or a glock of geese marching with necks outstretched; a house in short where there was nothing rigged up, or cut and set in a gold ring; but all was ungirt, ungirded, inconsequent, hiff gleedy piggledy; inviting the efforts of the causal passer by to sort it, collect it. "enece somebody had bought the Paston letters by way of a background; had bought that plot of ground with the coottages anthe manor house;

the Church, the village green all complete; and set it beside the anterbury ales opposite the w ndow. Though the rp prose was sticky, still it was prose; and that was a relief. It was a relief to find a lon senetnce, like a plian stretch of high road; it was a relief to step out briskly without too much minding where one trod. And though there were no diamonds , the hedges had berries; drops of rain on twigs; small birds slipping in the hedge; and often som Bachelors button or other simple flower whose name had been as familiar since childhood as the cats' or the cooks! The Paston letters did very well side by side w th Chaucer; And so to poetry again--Marlowe. The road curled; the senetnce once more became serpen tine; and bore the xxxx mind on its proud back. Marlowe it was said invented blank verse. And he stuck his verse with sonsorus words, many syllabled Mrs Swithin who came into the library sometimes to put a question to her brother about some village acticity-- a azaar, a lelctur at the omens nstitute, or the annual play in aid of the steeple, would stop, seeing him reading, and ask, Tell me Bart; about the enniassance. How did it show itself over here? she ved her hand at the garden. The crusaders' she haz rded. Did they bring books back? The sack of Constantinople.... Manuscripts.... Greek and atin texts. Thus she would try to account for some lovely word.

Burt Lehmann,

How did the renaissance come to ^E^ngland -
Through the Crusaders?

"Through the Crusaders?" ^B^art would echo her. She meant presumably--he lowered his paper-- did foreign travel enrich languge? enrich expereince? Did they come bcak, the ^B^artlets and haines and perrys of those days, bearded, tanned; with a taseel, or string of beads in their wallets; memores of dark skinned ^J^ewish girls; of hyenas howling; tigers; desert roads; tawny dried up furrows; here a stone glowing, which might eb gold or emerald; and orgies; pahllic dances; orent ial abndoment; feather fans ~~beating~~ waving; a tattoo on a dry drum; and rigid svaga e ceremonies; new Gods; new stars; Did they then marry the balckmsiths daughter who minded the geese on the green; did they swagger in the village inn under the hanging bough; did they their childrem she meant, give a fillip to old ^C^haucer; and ^f^iers ^P^loughman; and gammer ^G^urtons ^n^eedle ^s that rudimentary village artSome people held though that ^C^haucer, in his way, was as great a poet as any of them. All this laid down in im in the lower forms at harrpw before he went for a soldier stirred within him--not, ^G^od bless my soul, or by Jupiter (that was his favourtite oath) not very accurately. No--he had forgotten. They didnt teach that sort of thing at the Shop.

"The sack of Constainople" he replied..."When was that?"

He had forgotten; she had forgotten. There she stood, with a placard in her hand, a not ice of the forthcoming Play. in aid of the usual o ejcts. She was going to nail it on the barn, provided she could borrow his hammer and some tintacks. Or she had the local ladies demand for a subscritpion to.... Or a letter fomt the vicar about the ~~rates~~ letter. Or a complaint about the teacher. or some other local affair that needed support....

But tatthis moment the library was empty; Mrs Giles had been diverted on her way down stairs by some housemaids q estion; and nobody asked any question about Chaucer, or Marlowe or the Pastons or the Crusaders; The yellow blind rising and falling in the wind merely produced on the backs of the books a toss of light then of shadow; the fire greyed, then glowed; and the tortoise shell butterfly beating on the lower pane might beat itself to death, for , in default of human life, what help, what comment what action was there? In ten years, left to themselves, the books would be mouldy; the butterfly dead; and the fire out. Now the door oepned; and old art came in with his newspaper; thrust on one side as he entered by the impetuosity of the dog.

Begun May 20th

Brute, brute he said, tenderly however, as he pitched down into his chair. The brute couched himself at the old mans side. A noble brute, Oliver thought. The long thing nose rested on the paws. The haunches were drwn up. He looked like a stone dog; a crusader's dog, guarding even in the realms of death the sleep of the master. But he was not dead; nor did the brute sleep. His flanks were sucked in and out. There was a rim of foam on his nostril. And his eyes, the ~~beautiful~~ fierce eyes, drew aside wall, window, green garden like a curtain, and laid bare Indian plains; ~~a mountain~~; a cascade falling; a baked river bed; but no water; there was only the roar of water; and a bitter gre leaved plant w h one bright tuft; and hills pleated like grey stuff; and f native tribes plotting treachery; and death; a bullock half a hoop of ribs, half maggot nolten entrails on the sand; and Oliver himself, alone, in the sun, with only his sinews, his wits, and his empty revolver. They could have knifed him and ~~s~~ g him on the wll like a dead hawk...That was the very hand, lying on the chair arm, its veins still swollen; but wit a brownish fluid now, that had had clenched the empty revolver... Tiger snapped at a fly; and the door opened.

"I'M interrupting?" said his daughter in law coming in. Of course she was. Destroying India and youth. But it was his own fault. Sinc he had peristed in living all these years, st tching finer and finer the thread of life from

from twenty two to seventy four, It was not for him to com plain, since he had survived. Indeed it was something to be thankful for---that she continued him; expanded the present momegt; Many old men were forced to live in the past; sucking away with their old dried lips at a dry twig that had ceased to yeild a drop Old men in clubs; old men in rooms off Jermyn Street.

"The moor is dark" she said, the moor is dark beneath the moon. The rapid dews of dusk have drunk the last sweet breath of heaven.....I have ordered the fish" she continued "though whethe it'llbe fresh or not I cant promise. But veal is dear and everybody in the house is sick to death of beef and mutt n." ....And Tiger?" she asked. "Whats he been doiTigRanting?"

He did not move. His yellow wild eyes examined her. He never wagged a tail. He never acknowledged the ties of domestici ty. Either he cringed or he bit.

"Your little boy s a crybaby" said old Oliver.

Oh damn it all" Luey sighed, sitting down on the first arm chair. For she was still riding the crest of her verse about where we go not, where we know not, with a fea her in her hair. And he reminded her; she was pegged down, like a captive ballooon, by myriads of hair-thin ties.

"Whats been the matter?2 she asked.

"I took the newspaper" he explained. e took it, and crumpld it in to a beak over his face to show her what he had done.

"I took the newspaper " he explained. "So..."

He took it and crumpled it i n a beak ove his nose, to show her what he had done.

"And he howled. He was afraid. hegs a coward, your young man."

She flushed. He was not a coawrad. he was her son. She loathed being again the possessive mother. And he knew it; and did it on purpose; for some reason of his own. But he was reading the paper.

He had caught the words Daladier...the franc... He had stopped in the middle. Now he began to read again.

"The library s always the nicest room..." she murmured. and got up and ran her eye along the books flowing into ach other. "

"Spenser she said. The aery Queen. Bowwor, Bible in Spain. Kinglake Crimea. Crystal, Adeventures of a Guinea. Gil Blas. he Kreutzer Sonata. "

She felt like a person with an aching tooth in a chemists shop. One of the iuunmerable green bottles with a gilt scroll contained the right remedy. Perhaps balzac? Le Cure de ampagne? No. Prose was long winded. She wanted a sudden strong whiff. erhaps helley perhaps eats; perhaps eats; perhaps Donne; perhaps rowning. Or a life--not a poem? The life of Lord Cromer. The life of Sir Edward rey. The life of Garibaldi. r not a persons life--a counties life. The Antiquities of Durham. Old Rutland. The roceedings of the Archaeological Society of Nottingham.

or science. Darwin8s descent of man.

The ache had gone; the crest of emotion had sunk; the desire for poetry was over; her anger was out; her mind was like a sea anemone when the feelers are curled up; like a dab of jelly on a plate, reflecting a window pane; palcid; stupid. She turned and as her father in law had dropped half the newspaper picked it up and read:

"A girl who liv s down our way " she read " used to go out with the Guards. One of them asked her to come and see the horse with the green tail."

If you crossed the Horse Guards parade you saw the sentry fom behind. He sat in his box with his cloak stretc ed out to meet the horses tail. In imagination she ran her eye to the horses tail where the troopers cloak met it. It was set like a black wedge in the borses rump. But it was black; not green.

"She found it was just an ordinary horse; and they dragged her up to the barrack room and she was thrown down on a bed the troopers having removed part of her clothing. And then she crxxx screamed and hit him about the face"--the girl who lived down our way. the girl with red lips and white cheeks who had gone skylarking. The horse had a green tail; and the grass outside the w ndow as green.

A certain pleasure mingled with her disgust. with her

sense ~~of Stuart rincesses~~; the window in Whitehall from which harles stepped to his exec tion; ell Gwynn and orange sellers;" She screamed and hit him abo t the face, the girl down our way ~~who had gone to the troopers bedroom.~~" She looked at ld liver wrinkling his nose over the paper; reading so pompously about politics. The trembling veil of su mmer air quivered; it was an alley in which the girl lived down our way.... The door opened.

Mrs Swithin, Oliver's widowed sister, came in. In her hand she carried a large hammer, and as she advanced, she waved it and pursed her lips and smiled sidelong at her brother. He watched her, for when the door opened, he ~~had let his~~ paper fall ~~on his knee~~. He watched her as she sidled and curtseyed, like a ship, bobbing and sidling, as she crossed the floor which ~~was~~ fluid under her shabby garden shoes. No word passed between them as she went sidling to the cupbaord in the corner and rplaced the hammer which she had stolen without asking his leave; together --she unclosed her fist-- with a handful of nails.

"Cindy---Oh Cindy" he growled, repracbing her, as she shut the cupbaord door.

Cindy or Sindy--it could be spelt either way--
was the short for Lucy; and was the name he called her
when they were children. She was three years younger
than he was. They had always lived here. She had made a
the meadow flowers into tight little bundles, winf
winding one long stalk round and round and round
while he fished. The taking of the fish off the hook
had made her shudder, but it fascinated her to see
him do it. Once he had forced her to do it hersekf.
And the gills were full of blood. Of all this the only
thing that survived was the word 'Cindy' spoken as he
spoke it now with a growl; in a voice he never used
excpet to her, caught stealing; and she, even before
he said it, anticipated it, and did this dancing,
sidelong walk to the cupbaord; as she had done it
in the grass; The ghost of the spring morning in the
meadows walked once more, as she replaced the
hammer on its right shelf; and the nails, on the shelf
below; and shut the cupboard; about which--for he
kept his fishing tackle there--he was so very part
icular.

"To nail the placard" she said, standing beside his
chair.

The words were like the first peal of a peal of
bells; while the first peals, you hear the second;
while the second peals, you hear the third; and so on

the first b ing half the second. Isa knew that she would say next:

"...for the entertainment"

And he would Gwan say,

"Tonight? aay Bey Jasfuther! amn it!"

"f its fine" she would say "They'll act in the garden"

"And if its wet" he would reply, "In the barn"

"And which will it be?" she would continue. "Wet or fine?"

And then---as they were doing now-- they ould both look out of the window.

Every summer for seven summers now Isa she had heard the same talk; about the hammer; the nails; the entertainemnt; the weather. Every year they said the same things; ever year it was either wet or fine.

Every year the same chime followed the the same chime; it seemed impossible that any thing should change the chimes; or change the pict re; of children fifity years ago, fishing in the stream that ran through the meadow. But she changed; it changed-- the thing that was behind : /today " The girl screamed; and hit him about the face; they dragged her to the bedroom in the barrack and held her down....

"The forecast" Oliver said, taking up the paper

" The forecast is: 'ariable winds; fair,

average temperature; rain at times."

That was the report given by the Metereological Office where they noted down the buzz nd flicker of the very sensitive instruments that recorded pressure, velocity, density, humidity and other phenomena provided in cessantly by the sky. The sky continued its mysterious, its incalculable, its incessant manœuvres operations. It was green in the garden one momnt; grey the next. It was as if an eye beamed approval then qithdrew in melan choly reproach. ~~It was~~ as if some one felt illimitable joy; then symapa hy soorow so great that that it covered its face ~~a compassion so great it~~ a forebore to look on human suffering. The movement of the cl uds however were very rapid; then very slow. Now a space thinned in the white fleece; now it massed and blackened. There was a certain wantonness, fecklessness, lack of symmteyr, order, rule; either the clouds obeyed their own law, or some dream law. Beyond in the further distance very high up a cloud at had hardened at the summit to golden alabaster; was made of marble. And beyond that was intense blue; and beyond that? Some thing happened in that cloudless space that escaped regr registration by any metereological instrument. There was something uncharted, un felt, that never ~~flitered~~ filtered down to the observatory. And what was that? that which existed solitary nperceived,

that never fell on India, Africa, or England; but disregarded the little coloured ball of earth entirely; No flower felt it; no field; no garden. There was something beyond the world.

Mrs Swithin was gazing at the sky.

"Will it be wet or fine?" she said. Her eye glazed. "She is religious" Isa said to herself. attributing the fixity and the devoutness of her gaze to the fact that she saw beyond the clpuds a throne; on which was God, presumably.

"It looks unsettled" said Mrs Swithin. "It may be wet, or on the contrary....we can only pray"

"And Provide umbrellas" said batholomew.

"There they are!" Mrs Swithin rapped on the window, "The darlings!" cshe exclaimed. The permabulator was being trubled across the lawn.

Isa jumped up. What a dear old woman! What an angel of goodness--and courage---and spirit! Thus to salute the children; thus to defy the weather; thus to beat up against the immensities and indifferences her skinny old hands, her lustrous laughing eyes! How noble--to defy the weather!

"He looks blooming?" said mrs Swithin, turning to her hus-
After the scare last night...

"Its astonhsing how they pick up" said Isa.

"~~Exactyx~~ Did he eat his breakfast?" Mrs Jarkins asks

"Every scrap said isa

"And baby's all right?"

So far" sa d sa. Touch wood" she added, and ~~touxx~~

touched the table.

"Whats the origin of that Bart?" said Mrs Wit hn

turning to her brother---"the superstition about

touching wood? A ~~Didnt~~ Anateus always touch the earth?

She had skipped as usual down some side path of her

own. She would have been a very clever well read woman

if only she could have concentrated upon one sub

ect. But alas---this led to that, and that to the

other; And half the things she was told in answer

to her questions went in at one ear and out at the

other. And all were circled--as so often happens

after seventy-- by a contaning circle; in her case,

should she take a house at ensington or Kew. And she

never did either; very year she took lodgings

when autumn came at astings.

"Touch wood, touch earth, Antaeus" Bart muttered;

trying to bring the scattered ideas together. The

matter could be settled by reference to Lempriere

for the mythology, ; to Popular Superstitions for the

table. Both books were on the shelf behind him.

But what was odder than anything in a book was

the certainty, which ~~existed~~ not two feet from him,

in ~~a human skull~~, shaped like his own

that somewhere or other there war existed --he supposed
she did not invest it with ~~xxxx~~ limbs, hair, toenails
&c--- a force --a ray---a blast from a furnace---
a force anyhow which controlled the thrush with its
beak in a womr, also the tulip; also Tiger; also himself
an old man with swollen veins. It was strong enough
to get her out of bed on cold mornings; and send her
across the muddy ~~road~~ Park row to the Chruch which housed her
God; whose mouthpiece was the ~ev. T. H. ~erageant MA
a gentleman from the shires, a good fellow whorode to
hounds, and was reputed to smoke cigars for which he
had a pssion in the vestry; and indeed he needed
some solace after doling out preachments to a congrega
tion of fifty asthamtic elders. No one under fifty
ever rose at eight in the morning; or even at eleven
thirty. And those groutings and scrapings, in the morning
of white wash, those reapirings of the pe petually
falling steeple, could only be carried on by
Lucys periodical outbursts of letter writing and the
nailing of placards on barns. Well, if it wasnt one
superstition, it was another. The human animal had to
touch wood.

"Whats the origin of that ~art?" Lucy r petaed;
she tapped the table. to recall how to be proper

"Same as ~~all~~ the rest " he said. "Superstition."

She flushed. ~e had sent a thin blush over her
sensitive skin. ~e had hurt her. ~e could still

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft

Pp. 55-70 Page 55 dated July 3
Page 59 dated Aug.1, Page 70 dated Aug. 6 [1938]

Two drafts of p.64, 63

QAnd now" said Mrs switin, piling the sandwiches one on to of the other though hers jutted out from the smoot edges like badly laidb rickl bricks in a wall, "I'll take them to the barn" She went. She knew without saying it that jane the housemaid would follow with the lemonade. an arrangement in which Mrs Swithin detected her

July 3rd

The Dining room.

No one knew who had hung the pictures in the dining room, or for what reason the long languid lady and the stout man, holding his hat, had been hung side by side to front the window and s rvey the dinner table. Both were born in the middle years of the eighteenth century; and it was often assued that they were husband and wife. Indeed during awkward pauses in the conversation fanciful d ners would sketch imaginary dialogues; invent reasons why he had married her and she him; reflect that unlikeness often brings people together; proceed to some con siderations upon the forced matches of the eighteenth century; with ~~thn consider~~ the merits and demerits of the system; what effect such matches had upo childb rth; look furtively at the descendants to corroborate ~~them;~~ theroies; and even slightly change the conversation in order to give expression to the ideas which the two pictures aroused. In fact however the lady was merely a picture bought by Mrs swithins father because he liked the ~~colour~~; whereas the gentleman was an ancestor. In real life they had never met; but in picture life there they hung, s de by side, perpet ally looking at the oval dinner table, and shed ing upon it

a very complex illumination. For the real picture, the picture whose purple pink yello and green was pleasing, whose pose was satisfying, so that the eye went back to it, and as it went back, laid a bar upon the tongue; as if the eye had led the mind down a silent and solitary path away from words, shed a different influence from the other. The other was a talk talk producer. The other undoubtdedly represented a man hunting. He held his hat in his hand. He said, "If you want my likenes, my good Sir, it must be done when the leasves are on the trees." There were leaves on the trees. He said too, "Aint theree room too for Colin as well as Buster?" Colin was the invisible dog. There was no room for both. Confounded shame he sasid, Well the horse ~~is the nobler of the two.~~ But it was a damned shame--leaving out ~~Gold~~ Colin.— Colin the famous red setter '176--1773) whom he had wished to bury at his feet, but the clergyman refused.

Silence

There was silence in the dining room, for lunch delayed. The chairs were all drawn up, and the places ready; wine glasses, knives and forks, napkins, and in the centre the variegated flowers which Artlet picked, mixed and bunched together after a colour scheme of his own. But who observed the dining room? Who could ~~possibly~~ note the silence of emptiness This presence certainly requires a name, for without a name what can exist? And who can silence be observed by a thing which has no existence? Yet by what name is that to be called which enters rooms

There was silence in the dining room, for lunch delayed. The chairs were all drawn up, and the places ready; wine glasses , knives and forks, napkins, and in the centre the vareigated flowers which Bartlet picked, mixed and bunched together after a colour scheme of his own. But who observed the dining room,?Who noted the silence, the emptiness? What name is to be given to that which notes that a room is empty? This presence certainly requires a name, for without a name what can exist? And how can silence or emptiness be noted by that which has no existence? et by what name can that be called which enters rooms when the company is still in hhe kitchen, or the nursery, or the library; which notes the pictures, then the flowers, and observes, though there itself, The room is empty. The great dictionary which records the names of infinitesimally small insects, has a name for grains of different sand-- one is shell, the ther rock; has ignored this presence, refusing to attempt to name it. Certainly it is difficult, to find a name for that which is in a room, yet the room is empty; for that which perecives pictures knife and fork, also men and women; and desrrib s them; and not only perceives but partakes ofh m, and has access to the mind in its darkness. And further goes from mind to mind and surface to surface, and from body to body creating what is not mind or body , not surface or depths, but a common element in which the perishable is preserved, and the separate become one. Does it not by this means create immortality And yet we who have named other presnces equally

impalpable--and called them God for instance or again The Holy Ghost, have no name but novelist, or poet, for or sculptor or musician, for this greatest of ll preservers and crators. But this spirit this haunter and joiner, who makes one where there are two, three six or seven, and preserves what without it would perish is nameless Nameless it is , yet partakes of all thinsg bamed; is rhyme and ryhtn; is dress and eating and drinking, is procreation and sensation; is love and hate and passion and adventure. partakes of the dog and the cat, o the bee and the flower and o of bodies in coats and skirts

This nakeless sprit then, who is not "we" nor "I", nor the novelist either, For the novelist all agree must tell a story; and there are no stories for this spirit; this spirit is not concerned to fol ow lovers to the altar, nor to cut chapter from chapter; and the write as novelists do The end with a flourish; since there is no end; this being, to redce it to the shortest and simplest word, was presen in the dining room at Pointz Hall for it observed how different the room was empty from what the room was when--as now happned---~~people entered~~. were about to enter.

There were voices in the hall-- conflicting, confused voices. as if several different streams, rushing at different levels layers, in different rates speeds, had all encountered the same obstacle: For want of a better name let us call it Society. that eternal sensation or desire implanted not in humanity only for the cow and the weasel have it; to meet; eve if it it be but to collide. to meet, even though the collision is painful; as indeed it was at this moment, one thirty five on a June morning in the hall at Pointz Hall. It was painful, it was also ridicolous, to meet Mrs Manresa and an unknown young man with tow coloured hair and a twisted face as they--old Bart, Lucy and Isa bella--- came out of the library to go to the dining room. Yet there they were; there was nothing for it; no escape was possible; meeting was inevitable. Uninvited, unexpected, droppers in, lured off the high road by the very same instinct that caused the instijctive simultaenous movements of cows or sheep in a field: they had yielded to this desire for propinquity. But they had brought a lunch basket.

"We couldnt resist--when we saw the name on the sign post" Mrs Manresa began. "And this is a freind--- William Dodge. We were going to sit all alone in a hedge. And I said, Why not ask our dear frineds to harbour Walker us? A seat at the tables--thats all we want. We have our own glasses. Every thing.... We ask nothing but----"

And she waved her hand upon which there was a glove; but certain knobs indicated rings beneath, at Bart. He bowed.

Mr Worsley a London friend, the rector

In order to give full the effect of collision, there should be added to this speech (very imperfectly reported) the fluttering sound of Lucys voice; Old Barts mutter; but that was scarecly articulate; and Isabellas level silent stare. (For in every sound there is an element of silence.)

Isabella obersved the young man. J ewas of course "a gentleman". witness socks, trousers; And educated; wi ness his mouth; shy; unwholesome (utty coloured) nervous; exhibiting a twitch at this sudden introduction; deprecating Mrs manresa effeusion; and disgustingly well pleased with himself. She felt antagonised; yet curious. And when Mrs manresa added, to make all shipshape, "He's an artist" and when William Dodge corrected her, "I'm an Insurance clerk" she felt she had her finger on the knot which had tied itself so so tightly, so obviously, in his face.

And then they went into lunch. and Mrs manresa being a very insensitive loud voiced, jolly woman, talked nineteen to the dozen, enjoying obviously h[redacted]n the necessity to tide over this minor social crisis; believeing, honestly, that we're all brothers and sisters under the skin; and having complete faith in her own capacity to make mince meat, roly poly, or Scotch broth out of all the niggling little differences that separate [redacted] different men--and women too. But she preferred men--obviously.

"Or what are your rings for?" said Isabella, addressing Mrs manresa silently, and thereby making silence add its ~~little~~ drop of poison to talk.

Mrs manreasa life history was only partially known to any of them, excluding perhaps William Dodge whom she called "Bill"; a sign that he perhaps knew more. On the other hand the kind of thing he knew--~~or~~ that she walked about her garden at k midnight in silk pyajams with the loud speaker full on, playing jazz-- they knew. But nobody knew strictly biographical facts. She had been born, gossip said, in Tasmania-- at least in New Zealand. Her grandfather had been exported for some hanky panky mid-Victorian scandal-- malversation of trusts? But the story got no further , the only time Isabella heard it, ~~that~~ than "exported"; for the husband of the lady (Mrs lencow) who retailed it, took exception to "exported"; said "expatraiated" was btter; but not the right term. He had it on the tip of his ~~fingers~~; but could not get it. And so the story dwindled away. Sometimes she referred when joking about ~~country curates~~, to an Uncle who was a Bishop; but he was thought to have been only a Colobial ishop. They forget and forgave very easily in the Colonies. And it eas also daid that her diamonds and emeralds had been dug out of the earth with his own hands by a"husband" who was not Ralph Manresa. But with George the ~~Fifth~~ Sixth on the Throne it was old fashioned, dowdy; i savoured of moth eatn

furs, bugles, cameos and black edged notepaper was a sport only fit for old maids in Cathedral closes-- this interroga tion of ancestry.

Her vulgarity--she was unpacking her lunch baslket--all she needed--she said, ogling Bartlet as if he were a man of flesh and blood-- was a corckscrew, for she had a bottle o champgane somewhere--- was a most desriable quality; because everybody--from Bartlet to Isabella-- felt, Shes said it, or shes done it, not I" and tgus could take advanatge of the breach she made, of the fresh air that blew in, or t the disapproval and relief and absnece of ceremony that followed ike leaping dolphins in its wake to throw the responsibility on her for being jolly.

Did dhe not restore to old art his youth?

"Look Bill she said, cocking her thumb,--she was opening the bottle herself--at both pictures, youd have a treat? I told him, he wouldnt look at our things (but she had all sorts of lovely pictures) after yours. And I promised him here she ogled Bart--" youd show him the---the--- here she sent the champagne fizzing; and positively insisted upon filling Barts glass fisrt--- what is it al your gentlemen rave about? An arch? A Norman, Saxon?---- Whos the last from school?" she ogled Isabella tnow, but always when she spoke to women she veiled her eyes; they were conspirators.

My dear old mistress was thrown away on me..

Dolly she would say....

And so on. Exkx she made them feel that she had blown into

a harbour; where all was desriable; after her daily fare of dust and ashes; London that is; But in return for their hospitality---just look at this glass she said, holding up her wineglass; which was only a cipy too; she would corrupt them with a list of trfiles. The rime Minister had said this; The breal truth was that.... As a mere nobody "they" - didnt care what they said to her. Why should they? And then she told them what the Duke had said, qu te opnely, simply because she was such a nobody...

"And then," she made a gesture with her hands. As if casting aside that odious, foolish, ramshackle life;

"Whats the very first thing do when I come down? (She had only come last night--driving herself through the June hedges---- with Bill, it was underatood, leaving London at midnight.) What od I do? Can I say it aloud? Is it permitted Mrs Swithin? Yes everything can be said in this house. I told you Bill---they do t mind what we say or what we do---- I take off my stays (here she pressed her hands to her sides--she was stout) and roll in the grass. Roll---you' ll believe that...." She laughed rogishly.

Her figure hgave her immense freedom. It was so entirely frank in its abdonment.

I believe thats genuine, Isa thought, looking at he w with and she remembered . It was quite genuine too, her love of the country. Often when Mr Manresa had to be in town she stayed on, alone; wore an old garden hat; taught the village women not how to peel and preserve--every one

a harbour; where all was desirable; after her daily fare of dust and ashes; London that is. But in return for their hospitality--- how did they make their bread?--She would toss them a few gobbets of gossip; trash; but she gave it for what it was worth...how the rime Ministe had said. . the real truth was....As a mere nobody they didnt care what they said to her. Why should they? And then she told them wh t somebody had said, simply because she was a nobody----And then she made a gesture with her hands,--so--- as if heaping overhboard that chattering odious crackling under the pot life--- so---

"Whats the first thing I do when I come down ?" (She had only come last night, driving herself through the June raods, with Bill it was understood. They had left London at midnight.) ~~What do I do~~? Can I say it aloud? Is it permitted, Mrs Swithin? Yes, everything can be said in this house. I told you Bill they dont mind what we say or do here--

"Libert Hall" said Mrs within suddenly, as if she had fiund the right quotation.

"I take off my stays, Mrs manresa said--here she pressed her hands to her billowing sides--she was stout) and roll in the grass. Roll!----you'll believe that..." She laughed roguishly. Her figure gave her immense freedom. It was so large that nothing could be done about it; she could take no responsibility, none whatever, for her figure.

"I believes thats genuine" Isa thought, looking at her and

taught the that; but how to plait quite silly things out of coloured straw. She brought down hanks of coloured straw. and magenta ribbons. Also she spoke at meetimgs. Our brave boys, she would say; and brought the house down. But her great gift was undoubtedly ~~her lovely voice; pooling through the arbours~~ yo elling to herself; so that from the drawing room, if you called, you could hear her in the hollyhocks. She was a thorough good sort.

as the caged might look at the free. Also her love of the country. Often when Mr Manresa ha to be in town she stayed on, alone; wore an old garden hat; taught the village women not how to peel and preserve--everyone taught them that; but how to ~~pkxkx~~ plait ridiculous baskets out of gay coloured straw. She was a thorough good sort ~~However~~ It was her voice, however, that one remembered; if you called you could hear her, from the drawing room, jodelling to herself among the hollyhocks in the ga den. ~~xfihmxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Hoity to doity te how-la...

The Lily pond.

Water for hundreds of years had silted down into the hollow; had stood there four feet deep over a black cushion of mud ~~for centuries~~. It was a water world. silent, self centred. Centuires ago the wind had blown lily seeds. There had always been lilies there. floating , white and red, on their green plates. Many that lay in the churchyard had seen them. ~~yuoung lovers now dead~~. Under the thick plate of green water fish swam--gold, splashed with white; and some black. Silently they maneuvred; from side to side; then poised; there in the blue patch made by the sky. ~~Then~~ Or shot silnetly to the edge, where the grass, bedning, made a solemn night.

On top of the water pavement some spifers printed the water with their delicate feet but the water was thick as ~~a~~ pvement to them; Then a grain fell and spi ralled down . or a white ptetals fell, filled and sank. And persihed

down there in the antiquity of the depths where, hundreds of years ago, some rock haf formed or fallen. At that the fish shot forth and poised, as if, ~~the petal falling~~, some vast event had interrupted their eternal cogitation. Agaian they pausedi, posied; quaipped, mailed; eyes regardant; water sluicing their gills; and pressing equalbly o round the ounce of watery flesh that covered the striped red and yellow tent of their little boat sha ed bodies. The petal fell; off they ~~darted~~ and with one simultaneous flicker of undulat ion off they flashed.

The pond was dark ~~new~~ laid with thick glass; ~~empty~~. It was said of course though who first said it no one knew, that the white lady who walked had drwoned herself there. When some ten years since the pond had been dredged, a thigh bone had been recovered. Unfortunately it was a sheeps. And sheep have no ghots, for sheep have no souls. Sheep when they die, die completely. But the servants insisted; they must have a ghost; and the ghost must be a ladies, who had drowned herself for love. So none of them would walk by the lily pond at night.

The Dining room.

For some reason this little curiosity of human psycholo gy ; this craving for ~~the sensation~~ of fear; the inability of the Movies to gratify it; the exemtpion fothe of the ucated from such wishes; whether due to education, or a higher sta dard of nourishment; whether it invigorates or on the contrary leads to atrophy of the imagination: this idea cluster presented itself to Batholomew

as he put his glass down, and simultaneously, the flower

ppetal sunk to the bottom of ~~the lily~~ pool. ~~He saw~~ himself;

he was a visualist; trees or fileds, where he ahd stood,

preceded ideas; were part of them; stopping to look at a

view framed between trees. And he had said, as he stopped,

I wish I'd been a painter. And then had gone on. As they

left the library to go to the dining room it had been

on the tip of his tongue to say to his sister "I wish I'd

been a painter". But, being interrupted by the collision

in the hall, he was now left with the desire to say it,

but the desire was intercepted. It was not a suitably

thing to say to Mrs M. (as he called her) whom he knew

only on the surface. She was vulgar. ~~But he had sipped~~ her

~~champagne.~~ He was feeling happy as a boy, and reckless

as an old man: an unusual but agreeable sensation.

Rummaging among his ideas, he chose the easy and obvious one: that is the story of the sheeps thigh. ~~But~~ the domestics must have their ghost. Servant girls for some reason depended on them. That led to ghosts. Mrs M. said

"Oh but I believe in them...

She became very solmen. She said that she knew (she pinched a bit of bread to make this emphatic) that Ralph, ~~coul~~ when he was at the War, couldnt have been killed without her knowing it; "Whereever I was, whatever I was doing" she added. That was sentimental; vulgar; not common human hearted, but sensational as her dimaonds were, flashing on her hands at midday.

He mad allowances for her. And that was pleasant in its way

"I dont feel that" he said.

No. she laughed. N ne of you would, ~~I know~~....

You see I'm on a level with the...." she waited:

Bartlet retired "servants" she added. I'm nothing like so grown up as you are....

But she clearly approved of her adolescence. And was she right or wrong? A spring of feeling bubbled up in her from mud that was millions of years old. And perhaps, as she insimutated, they were unfortinate to have laid their mud with blocks of marbke; to find it unneenccary indeed impossi ble to believe that sheeps bones were the relics of a drownd Lady Ermyntrude. Perhaps poetry grew from mud.

~~But what~~ rot! he said tapping his glass on the tab e. Champggne, in the middle of the day when one was used to barley wter, made one alternately tolerant and indignant.

"And wh ch camp do you belong to?" he said turning to the unknown guest. "Vulgarian or disciplin~~arian~~?

Isabella opened her mouth; she looked rather like a fish. She wanted to place William Dodge. His answer would help her. But he did not answer.

"I beg your pardon, Sir". he said. "I was looking at thos pictures." And he asked the usual question; were they husband and wife; then whp painted them. He had already decided that one was different from the other.

Here Lucy cut in with a demand that if it came to a pinch, Mrs Manresa should sing.

Here Lucy broke in with a demand.

"I'm going to ask you a favour, Mrs Manresa---
If it comes to a pinch, this afternoon, will you sing?"

Mrs Manresa was aghast.

Was it the entertainment? She had never known it was this afternoonthey would never have draed to trust themselves.. and so on.. Today? This very day?

Ans sure enough, once more, Lucy and Bartholomew and Mr Didge and Mrs Manresa all once more as Isabella could have foretold ~~turned~~ --as if it were a chime of bells on the Church steeple-- turned and looked out of the window.

And they were about to say.... when the door opened.

~~Mr Giles had come~~, Bartlet was bringing in fish again.

He would be down in a moment.

Giles had seen the great silver plated car at the door with the initials R.M. twisted so as to look at a distance like a coronet.

Visiors he had concluded; had drawn up behind; and had gone upstairs to change. This instinct for fitness was very strong in him; this ghost of the conventional education which rose to the surface as a blush or a tear rise at the pressure of emotion involuntarily. He must change.

And he came into the dining room looking like a cricketer in flannels and blue coat with brass buttons, though he was enraged; partly at his own docility in obeying his instincts; also because he had read all the morning papers coming down, and sixteen men, perfectly innocent men, had been shot; others exiled, just over there across the

flat land--there were only seventy miles of it-- between them and the sea. The instinct that made him change was the blush or tear invountarily rising at the bidding of that society here in being; exemplified, in particular, by his Aunt Lucy; who waved to him. He had a habit of hanging grievances upon her, as one hangs a coat on a hook, instinctively; laughing; waving;- foolish; free; always, since he had chosen, after leaving college, to take a job in the city, ex ressing her amazement, or amuse ent, at people who spent their lives--she thought it was selling very very cheap what they mad in England-- ploughs, manure, glass beads--- to naked savages who wished, most oddly, for were they not beautiful, naked?--- to dress or plough like the English. This was a frivolous, almost a malignant, statement of a problem which, for he had no speicif gift, and was furiously in love --he noodded across the table to Elsa-- had afflicted him for ten years. Given his choice he would have chosen to farm. But he was not given his choice. No one was. One thing led to another; and the conglomeration of things pressed you flat; held you fast; and so he came for the week end, and changed.

How d'you do he said all round; nodded to the unknown guest; disliked him; and ate his fillet of sole.

He was the very type of all Mrs Manresa adored. His hair curled; far from run ing away, as many chins did, his was firm; the nose straight, if short; the eyes of course with that hair blue; and finally , to make the type complete, there was something ~~surly,~~ fierce, untamed in the expression, which incited her, even at forty five,

to furbish up her ancient batteries. against the savage adorable young man.

"He is my husband" Isabella felt, as they nodded across the bunch of many coloured flowers. "The father of my children... " And the old cliche worked; she felt pride, and affection; and again pride in herself, whom he had chosen She felt.... it was a shock to find, after last nights thrill over Mr Haines and poetry how much she felt when he came in, not as she expcted the dapper city gent; but the cricketer.

the cricketer. the fisherman, the lover.

Indeed they had first met y up in Scotland; she fishig from one rock in a very w swift stream; he from another. Her line had become entangled; she had given over, and watched him with the stream rushing between his legs, casting, casting casting, until like a thick ingot of silver, bent in the middle, flashing, the salmon had been caught. They were fellow guests in a fishing lodge.

Dorothy Aug: 6th

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

Pp.71-75. Page 75 dated Aug. 22 [1938]

But here Bartholomew who had been taught manners at home, in a private school, at a public school, and in the Army, and had therefore an instinct in putting ~~down~~ his down like feet, as a circus horse ~~has an instinct~~, remembered his guest. The family must not be a family in the presence of Her Son Giles must not be a stranger. He must ignore Giles, his son. He must not gossip. He must, rather pompously, give him the history of the pictures, at which he had been looking when Giles came in.

"That"--he indicated the man with a horse---" was my great-~~g~~ no great.great grandfather. He had a dog. The dog was famous. The dog has his place in history. The dog occurs in print..."

"I always f el" Lucy said suddenly, that ~~thats~~ ~~what~~ he's saying. Paint my dog."

"But what about the horse?" said Mrs Manresa.

"The horse" said Bartholomew. He's always No hes not a good horse. The hind quraters..." he put on his glasses. He shook his head.

But William Dodge was looking at th lady.

"Ah said Mathorlomew, "Youre an artist."

Dodge denied it,again. It was a terrible accusation, it se med. It meant Youre our enemy; th destroyer ; nothing is sac ed to you. And your heart if one could see it, is a little bag of leather, gone dry and stringy. What for did a good sort like the woman

Manresa bring these half breeds in her trail? /

This was the contribution made by Giles to the silence which followed Barts remark. Perhaps Dodge felt it; for he at once denied that he had any special interest in the ~~xpicture~~x picture. He rather liked it--that was all.

"And you are right" said Bartholomew. A gentleman--I forget his name-- connected with an Institute-- a man who goes about the country giving adcice, gratis, to degegernarte descendants like ourselves....he said--- he said...

he paused.

They all looked at the lady. But she paid them no attention. looked over their heads; looked at nothing.

Mrs Manresa broke the awkward silence.

"Said it was by Sir Joshua?"

"No, no" said William Dodge hastily, under his breath. "Whys he afraid?" Isabella asked herself. It seemed to her that he was a poor specimen; afraid to stick up for his own beliefs. Just as she was afraid of Giles. She ~~had~~ her portry in a book bound like an account book, in case Giles might suspect? She looked at him.

He had finished his fish. He had eaten quickly, not to keep them waiting. And now there was cherry tart.

And Mrs manresa counted the stones.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,

apothecary, ploughboy, ...Thats me!" she cried, delighted to have it confirmed by the cherry stones that she was a ~~wild~~ child of nature.

"You really believe in that too?" old Bart

laughed at her.

"Of course--of course I do!" she cried. She was delighted
She had got onto the rails again. She was a thorough good
sort. And they were all delighted; because now they could
follow in her wake; and not talk about the picture.
However, Bill looked at the lady, and said to Isa who
was next him,

"I had an uncle who liked pictures. Thats why...."

Oh I too " Isa exclaimed. Flurriedly, disconnectedly,
she explained; she used to go and stay when she was a child
when she had had whooping cough with an old clergyman;
an old man; he used to wear a skull cap; he never did any
work; he didnt even preach; perhaps he was retired;
he made up poems; aloud. Of course people thought him
mad. "I didnt. ~~I loved him~~....
She stopped.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary,
ploughboy, It appears that I am a theif" said Old Bartholomew.
Shall we drink our coffee in the garden?"

He rose.

Where shall we go now, to what wild antre
of the unvisited earth? wind brushed, waving? To
w at summit, sun kissed; or to what caverns , pearl
hung? Isa mumured, pushing the deck chiars along the
gravel.
Or shall we spin a spiders thread from star to star;
or dance in the maze of the moon? W Shall we not go then?
Why

Why stay here? pinned by the torments of the insect tortured flesh? Suffering with those who suffer. Maiden virtue rudely strumpeted....

She had her deck chair at the wrong angle. The frame with the notches was held upside down.

"My old uncle" she exclaimed, catching a smile on Williams face which showed he, coming with another chair behind her, had overheard.

"Dont you find, she explained, as the straightend the chairs out together, that when youre doin something, with your hands-- making bread, or sewing--or---- she fumbled, uncertain what he did with his hands--- you talk nonsense. Old rhymes..."

"Songs my Unc e taught me" said William, unfilding his chair, and and fixing notching the bar into its right notch.

There were not enough chairs for them all. Giles had to return to the house to fetc another. And when there were enoughthey had to be disposed in a semi circle so that the view might be shared and the shelter, for the breeze was playful. By on of those lucky chances, which are generosity due not to the inetntion of our ancestors but to sheer luck, a high wall had been built continuing the house, but on raised ground, perhaps with the intention to build meant originally perhaps for another wing; But perhaps from lack of funds, the idea was abandoned; and the wall remained, nothing but a wall. Another generation had planted fruit trees, and these in time had spread their arms widely across the pink brick. Mrs Sands

counted it a good year if she could make six pots of apricot jam from them-- the fru t was never sweet enough for dessert. Perhaps three apricots were worth enclosing in muslin bags. But they were so beautiful, naked, with one flushed cheek, one green, that Mrs Swithin left them naked, and the wasps burrowed holes.

The grqund sloped up; so that to qote Mr Figgis's guide book, they "commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, from which on a clear day, the spire of Bolney Minster c uld be seen, and the distant slope of ~~the~~ Rough Norton woods.. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ rather to the south of which the spy glass can detect Nortons folly so called &c...." So it continued, the local guide book, which though attribut d to Mr Figgis, seemed rather a natural product, like moss on a wall; it was so ~~xx~~ impersonal. The guide book had been written in 1830; and either Bartolomew or Mrs Switin generally added that if Mr Figgis were alive now he would not have had to alter a statement, though naturally his style would have changed. No h use had been built; no town had sprung up; the very flat agricultual land had only changed in one respect--- the motor plough had to some extent superseded ~~the man and the~~ horse. But the cows were the same...

22nd Aug

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

Pp. 76-98 Page 76 dated Aug. 29 [1938]
Page 83 dated Sept. 16th
Page 96 dated Sept. 19th

Verso of p.76, numbered 150 corresponds to p.150 of longer typescript
Verso of p.77 numbered 151
P.79 in two drafts
P.86 mutilated
P.91 in two drafts

29th Aug

They always said this when they went ~~out~~ to drink coffee in the Love Corner after lunch, ~~at least~~ if there were guests, and those guests like these, were strangers. When they were alone they said nothing at 11, or anything that came into their heads, & looked at the view

When they had new ideas changed

"That is what makes aview so sad" said Mrs S iwthin lowering herself into her deck chair--" So beautiful. It will be there"--she nodded at the ~~view~~ distance, which had a blue ripple as if a strip of gauze were laid on it, when we're not."

NYPL

Giles nicked his deck chair into pisit ion, with a jerk. thus expressing his irritation with the kind of nonsense Aunt Lucy talked. Thus he shewed his imapteince with a set of old fogies who sat and looked at views , over coffee and cream, when the whole of urope--over there beyond the flat was bristling like a - to express the diea of gu s einted, planes about to take flight each with a bomb in its tail--he had only the ineffective word "hedghog". A any memnet guns would rake that land into furrows; slinter the spire of Belney Minster into smitherrens.

He had no jerk for metaphors yet often wanted them. And he too loved the view. And the blame for the guns rested somehow upon Aunt Lucy, because she looked at views when . . --He could not put it precis ly into words, ~~precisely~~ what it was that the old lady could have done; and he always exempted his father whom he loved as he loved Figgis's fine prospect, from all cesmure. It wasnt his doing. But surely Lucy ~~who never finished a sentence sensibly~~ was some how responsible She could have done something last century, before he was born. However he was pulled up once more

29th Aug

They always said this when they went ~~out~~ to drink coffee after lunch, ~~at least~~ if there were guests, and those guests like these were strangers. When they were alone they said nothing at ll, or anything that came into their heads, "& looked at the view

"That is what makes aview so sad" said Mrs S iwthin lowering herself into her deck chair--" So beautiful. It will be there"--she nodded at the ~~view~~ distance, which had a blue ripple as if a strip of gauze were laid on it, "when we're not."

Giles nicked his deck chair into pisit ion, with a jerk. thus expressing his irritation with the kind of nonsense Aunt Lucy talked. Thus he showed his imapteince with a set of old fogies who sat and looked at views , over coffee and cream, when the whole of Europe--over there beyond the flat was bristling like a - to express the diea of gu s ointed, planes about to take flight each with a bomb in its tail--he had only the ineffective word "hedghog". A any memnet guns would rake that land into furrows; slinter the spire of Bolney Minster into smitherrens. He had no gift for metaphors yet often wanted them. And he too loved the view. And the blame for the guns rested somehow upon Aunt Lucy, because she looked at views when ... --He could not ~~put~~ it precis ly into words, ~~precisely~~ what it was that the old lady could have done; and he always exempted his father whom he loved as he loved Figgis's fine prospect, from all cesmure. It wasnt his doing. But surely Lucy ~~who never finished a sentence sensibly~~ was some how responsible She could have done something last century before he was born. However he was pulled up once more

"Is that the end?" said Giles. reproved

"Now your being naughty" Mrs anresa corrected him.

Her little boy was getting the fidgets.

"I suppose there'll be a speech. A vote of thanks.

And then a collection" said old Bartholomew.

A collection? What for?

"What is the collection for?" Mrs Manrsa enquired.

"The profits are to go towards a fund for installing electric light in the Church" Isa read out.

"So I conjectured " said Bartholomew.

"You didnt expect" he turned to Mrs manrsa to escape scot free?"

Mrs anresa felt that he was refrring to her rings. 'They' thought she wore too many.

She concealed them. No she didnt care what they thought. She displayed them.

"All village festivals in my expereince " said the old man, "end with a collection."

"Nothings ever done for nothing" Giles confirmed him.

All their nerves were on edge.

They sat there exposed. Icf there was an interval, why not stretch ones legs? Or was it better to sit still?

There was no music. A donkey- a real donkey--brayed.

The horns of cars hooting on the high road were heard. And the swish of the trees.

"The present time. Ourslves" People read this; and then what

by her biography: married at eighteen to a North Country sqire; mother of two children, both as dull as ditchwater, one in New Zealand marr ed to a an American girl; the other dumped in Birmingham, wife of a clergyman. her husband dead in the primeof life when a lamp exploded ...

~~in the~~ So, acording to most people, nobody could blame; most pitied her. Yet he blamed her, for not seeing how devilish difficult that sort of thing made life for him, Now. He had his feelings; he had to earn his living; and here she sat looking with~~thatxxxxxx~~ ~~like that~~ at the view.

"Beautiful " said Mrs manresa, "beautiful...."

she mubled, for she was lighting a cigarette.

The breeze blew out her match.

Of course he hollowed his hand and lit another.

She was exempted too.

"Since youre interested in art" said athrolemew trning to his guest, will you explain why it is is that we are as a people so incurious, insensitive, so unresponsive--he too was lighting a cigarette,--

The champagne had given gim meetarily an unusual flow of words. Nor did he much mind which he chose. "The art of painting, ~~xxxxxxx~~ means nothing whatever to ~~us~~ here.

Whreas even Mrs manresa if she will allow me my old a mans liberty has her Shakespeare by heart"

"Shakespeare by heart!" ~~exclaimed~~ Mrs manresa.

To be or not to be That is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler...." Go on!" she nudged Giles.

followed. "The profits are to go to a fund for installing electric light in the Church."

Where was the Church? Over there. You could see the spire among the trees.

"Ourslves " . What could she know about ourselves?

Nothing whatever. The Elizabthans, yes; the Victorians, yes. But ourselves; sitting here on June day in 1939---

Were all so different, they thought. There was Cobbeet of Cobbs corner---he was a type if you like.

And Mrs Springett. And Mrs within. And Bond was a perfect character piece. But she wont get me---

How could she dare drop her little bed rook candle extingusih over But no--- she wont get me...

Miss La Trobe was keping the waiting.

Sounds of laughter came from the bushes.

But nothing whatever appeared on the stage.

~~What were the laughing at?~~

"They wont need to dress hup if its present time".

Major Mayhew to his wife.

But Mrs had sketched her own version of what was to be the conclsion. If she had written this words, she would have a splendid finale. The Srmy; the Navy; the King and Queen; Very likely that as what Miss La Trobe had planned.

"Fade far away and qyite forgter what thouamongst the leaves has never knewn"

Isa supplied the first words that came into her head by way of helping her husband.

"The weariness the torture and the fret" William Dodge added.

And hear each ether groan he finished, burying the end of his cigarette bexxxx in acrak betweeen the tiles.

"There you are! Didnt I say so!" said Baryholmew. That proves it. But what spring, is touched, what secret drawer starts open, at the mention of Holbein, Aeburn, Reynolds, Constable----"

"Or Chrome--why called Old?" Mrs ma resa thrust in.

"Oh theyre part of our background" said M s Swithin, just as that" she po nted to the fine prospect " is in the front. Theyre behind--pictures. No, Barthomoew, youre wrong. It in the tunnel behind the eye; not on the lips--thats all. We havent the words fo them--thats all"

Thats a difficut point" said batrt.

"Quite beyond me" said rs manresa. Yes I do take cream. I know its wrong. But Ive reached the age --and the figure-- when I do what I like"

She took the little silver cream jug a d let t e the smooth thick fluid curl luxuriously ino her coffee, to which she added a whole siover shovelfull of brown suga r candy. She strirred the mixture round and round.

"Admirable woman!" exclaijed Bathrolomew. He felt the champagne withdrawing; and hastened before the last trace of

geniality was withdrawn to make the most of it, as if he cast one last look into a lit pup chamber before turning back into the night.

The wild child, for such she felt herself in the warm sunshine of the old man's benignity, shook her head again with a glance at Giles with whom she felt in conspiracy. A thread united them, visbile, invisible, like those threads, now seen now not, that unite rtrembling gress blades in autumn before the sun has risen. She had met him only once before she had met him at a cricket match. Their alliance was an early morning thread before the twigs and leaves emerge. She was gazing now at her coffee; Looking before she drank was part of the sensation. And why waste that sensation, she seemed to ask, why waste a single drop that can be pressed out of this stuffed ripe melting adorable world. The air was full of sensation. That was why Bartholomew felt so young. And of course Giles felt it. Had he been a horse, the thin brown skin would have twitched, as if a fly had settled.

"And now said Mrs Manresa, relishing her first sip," about this entertainment..."

into which we've gone and butted "ell me..."

She made it, too, seem ripe like a peach into which the burrowing wasps are tunnelling.

"And now " said Mrs Manresa, relishing her first sip, about this entertainment, into which we've gone and butted"-- she made it too, seem ripe like a peach into which the wasps were burrowing---" Tell me, where is it to be?"

"In the Grove if fine; in the barn if its wet" said Giles, as if he were repeating some old saw. But he had a nice rough voice.

The Grove

Just as the west country gardener had named the Looe corner Looe, a west country word of doubtful origin, meaning "warm, or sheltered", so somebody unknown with a command of the other kind of English had given the statelier word Grove to the trees that marched along the terrace. It referred in particular to the low ground beyond the lake where the trees mobbed or clubbed together. There were not enough to be called a wood. Yet as there were bushes and brambles the light was green there is summer. It was always shady and sun flecked. And there were always in summer butterflies there--fritillaries, swift and amuglar darting through; red Admirals, feasting tasting, floating; The cabbag whites seemed content to spend the whole day there, unambitio s and homely. There Butterfly catching began generation afte gen ration. for sixx Bartholemew and Lucy; for Giles; and for George it was just beginning with a small green net in which only yesterday he had he had caught a cabbage white on a bramble blossom. Directly school began, they caught moths there, in the summer holidays, at night on ripples of

of treacle dripping from the bark, turning the lanthorn slowly ionto quivering red underwings, and other nameless topers, moths that touched and passed.

But to Miss Gibbs, Miss Peers and Mr Giddings-- to mention three only of the many teachers, who from time to time got up fetes either for the children or for the Steeple or f~~xxxxxxx~~ once for the unbatised in Abyssynia, the Grove was simply cut out for an entertianment. It was the very spot. Miss La Trobe, the dog breeder, exclaimed the first time she came to tea--and it was a winters day, fine still and colourless-- "Thats the place for a paegant Mr Oliver!" "Winding in and out between the trees--- she waved her hand at the leafless beech trees standing ~~still~~ in the winter haze. The stage there; the audience here and down there among the bushes a dressing room for the acters."

She was far more advanced than Miss Peers or Miss Gibbs; and had moreknpwledge of life a first hand than the admirable Mr Giddings. Her name was not La Trobe. It was Trob. And if her life had been written instead of being expunged from time to time from a natural desire to hide her father, who had ~~fallen and been in prison,~~ truth the ~~biographers Goddess~~, would have forced the biographer to say: at the age of eighteen through no fault of her own Lilian had a baby; at the age of twenty five she kept a hat shop; at the age of thirty she became La Trobe and sold cakes in Winchester from a recope bequeathed her by her mother, a ~~widowx~~ clergymans widow: the ~~were~~ burnt, and the table cloth was blue check; at the age of

her mother a widow she said; Her father she said [illegible] had been a cleryman, when she sold cakes at Winchester home made, on tables covered with check cloths; at the age of 35 she was breeding spaniels; and so successfully that at the age of 40 she had a cottage with kennels attached; took silver cups at shews; and was, accroding to the biographers choice of epithets, the mainspring, the live wore, the or the pivot of village activities. Outwardly, at least, she was a swarthy stalwart woman, thickset and [illegible], who strode about the village in a smock frock, sometimes with a gigarette in her mouth, often with a whip in her hand, and with plenty of nergy, and initiative to spend on any cause that too kher fancy.

The Loce Corner.

"Are they going to act?" Mrs anresa asked.

"Act; dance; sing; a little bit of everything" said Giles.

"Miss a Trebe is a person of wonderful energy" said Mrs Swithin.

"She makes everyone do something" said Isabella.

"Our part" said Bartholomew " is ~~laid down for us.~~

"perhaps the most important." We are the audience."

"Also we provide the tea" said Giles.

"Shant we go and help?" asked Mrs anresa. "Cut up the bread and butter....?"

"No, no," Bar tholomew shook his head. "Our duty is to remain seated and to applaud; or the reverse."

"A scene from Sahkespeare; then a song; then a

a dance; then perhaps a recitation...One never knows before hand" Mrs within began checking the programme with her fingers "And the choice is so vast. The whole of Ebglish literature from the beginning to the end. One year we had Gammer Gurton's Needle. Once we wrote the play ours elves. The son of the blacksmith--Eradley--Jim, or Tom?--- he had the loveliest voice I ever heard. Also he could mimic. We t ok us all off--Bart, Giles, myself. People are gifted--very. Only how to bring out their gifts--thats the question. Miss a robes very clever...And she has the whole of English literature to choose from--- I dont know how she chooses. Often when its wet, or like today, one doesnt know which, I begin counting up what I have read, what I havent..."

"Pulling my the books out of the shelves, leaving them on the floor" Bart interrupted her.

"Like the pig in the story or the donkey which was it?" she laughed, tapping him lightly on the knee, as if to ask forgiveness.

"The donkey who couldnt choose between the day or the trunips and so starved" said Isabella shileding her Aunt from the caustic remark which as sheknew from the rise of her hsuabdns lip he would have spoken had they been alone. For his father, who always indulged Lucy, had sketched all he disliked in that one sentence. He saw her sitting on the floor surrounded with odds and ends, tatters of silk, books open and no conclusion come to; yet

a dance; then perhaps a recitation...One never knows before hand" Mrs within began checking the programme with her fingers "And the choice is so vast. The whole of Eb̃glish literature from the beginning to the end. One year we had Gammer Gurton's Needle. Once we wrote the play ours elves. The son of the blacksmith--Eradley--Jim? ~~or~~ Tom?--- he had the loveliest voice I ever heard. Also he could mimic. He t ok us all off--Bart, Giles, myself. People are gifted--very. Only how to bring out their gifts--thats the question. Miss ~~a~~ "robes very clever...And she has the whole of English literature to choose from--- I dont know how she chooses. Often when its wet, or like today, one doesnt know which, I begin counting up what I have read, what I havent..."

"Pulling the books out of the shelves, leaving them on the floor" Bart interrupted her.

"Like the pig in the story or the donkey which was it?" she laughed, tapping him lightly on the knee, as if to ask forgiveness.

"The donkey who couldnt choose between the day or the trunips and so starved" said Isabella shileding her Aunt from the caustic remark which as sheknew from the rise of her hsuabdns lip he ~~wxxx~~ would have spoken had they been alone. For his father, who always indulged Lucy, had sketched all he disliked in that one sentence. He saw her ~~sitting on the floor~~ surrounded with odds and ends, tatters of silk, books open and no conclusion come to; yet

yet somehow she made him feel ridiculous; a man who held views, yet did nothin to put them into action. If he had not married, had not had children, he would have cut the whole thing, or done something; emigrated or acted. Now he was "tha audience."

In certain moods, like that bred in him that morning, by the conflict between the news in the paper and the talk over the fish, ~~over the mantelpiece~~ about pictures, over the cofee about the view, words ceased to lie flat in the senetnce but rose, swelled and became symbolical. Now he was "the audience"; not simply Giles Oliver, down for the week end and about to see, rather against his will, villagers act their annual play; but Giles Oliver manacled by fate to a rock and forced to behold passively indescribable horror. The nerves in his face twitched. His face expressed for a moment such loathing that his wife not knowing what to do--and indeed there was nothing she could do-- abruptly, half purposesly, knocked over a coffee cup.

~~But~~ William Dodge caught it as it fell. He held it for a moment. He turned it. From the faint blue mark, as of crossed daggers, in the glaze at the bottom he knew that it was English ~~china~~, made , probably in Nottingham, about 1760. And his expression, as he came to this conclusion, gave Giles another peg upon which to hang his rage, and so dilute it. That is he forcibly disliked, not the state of the world entirely, but Mrs anresa young friend. He thought him a toady, a lick spittle, not

Not an downright plain man of his senses; but a fingerer of sensations; picking an choosing; dillying and dallying; not a man to have straightfoward relations with a woman but simply a--- at this word, which he could not speak aloud, he pursed his lips; and the signet ring on his little finger looked redder, after the flesh next it whitened. He gripped the arm of the deck chair.

"Oh what fun!" cried Mrs Manresa in her fluty voice. "A little bit of everything." A song; a dance; then a play written by the villagers themselves. "Only" here she turned with her head on one side towards Isabella, "I'm sure she's at the back of it. Arent you Mrs Giles?" (Etc. Etc.) For myself, speaking plainly, I cant put two words together. I dont know how it is--such a chatterbox as I am with my tongue-- once I hold a pen----" She made a face, and screwed her fingers as if she held a pen in her fingers with the diamond rings. But the pen she held thus on the little table abosultely refused to move.

"And my handwriting-- so clumsy, so large---" She griamced and dropped the invisible pen.

Very deli ately Willia Dodge set the cup in its saucer. "Now he" said Mrs manresa, as if referring to the delicacy with which he performed this operation, and imputing to him the same skill in writing, "writes beautifully. The most beautiful writing; every letter perfectly formed...."

They glanced at Willia Dodge. Isabella indeed had been watching him off and on ever since he came. She

knew at the moment that he was being made responsible toegther withher Aunt Lucy, for all that her husband hated. She guessed the very word that Giles had not spoken. But was it true that William Dodge was that word? If so, how far was it wrong? Can you condemn people for the way they feel? How far are we responsible? He was fond pf pictures. Probably he had an old mother. She was de oted to him; h to her. Why do we all hate each other? Was it not possible that in a good state of society there would be complete feeling and thought transference; these hatreds, caused by impediments to understanding, would yield; Transperncy would result; universal love would follow; one sun would shine through our crystal clarity and al/ would be light.

"I think I hear them" she said aloud. ~~There were voices.~~ "Thyre getting ready. Theyre dressing up, in the Grove."

The Grove

Miss ~~La~~ Grey robe was pacing to and fro between the two ~~xxx~~ leaning birch trees. One hand was deep stuck in her pocket, the other held a foolscap sheet. She was reciting what was written there apparently---

one two three four. A.B.C D. all under separate headings. She had the look of a great commander pacing his deck. The leaning graceful trees with ~~their~~ black bracelets circling silver bark were distant about a ships length.

Now the sun was shining, and shading her eyes again in the attitude proper to a Admiral she had decided

to risk the enagegemnt out of doors. Hence she had commanded the removal of all stage properties to the Grove. The actors--children mostly-- while she paced, taking all responsibility and finally consulting her disposition of forces, dressed among the brambles. Hence the laughter.

The clothes were strewn on the grass. Cardboard crowns, swords made of silver paper, pasted on wood, turbans that were in fact six penny dish cloths lay on the ground, or were flung on bushes. There were pools of red and ourple therefore in the green shade; and some straight flashes of silver. The colour seemed to attract butterflies; as if red or silver or tawny yellow gave off a thrill of warmth, not merely to the eye, but to the whole nerve fabric, so that the red Admiral was gluttonously abosring sweetness from a orange dish cloth; and the cabbage white drank icy coolness from the silver paper. They tasted, changing places, circling, returning.

"It has the makings...." Miss La Trobe muttered. She stopped under the further beirch tree. Soemthing coul be made of it. She always wanted to make somethi... any thing that took her fancy. There w... scene of some sort there. Only par... scene was its transience. The... changing; then the childre... ...rt. She fidget... ...t i...

important to s tabilise what was esentially fugitive. at the mom.
; she remsued her walk.

They called her "Bossy". just as they called Mrs Swithin Flimsy. Her abrupt manner and stocky figure, her thick ankles and strudy shoes, her rapid decisions, barked out in guttural tones, did not escape ridicule. No one liked to be ordered about singly. But in lit le troops they always did appealed to her. Some one must lead. Then, however, they could put the blame on her.

"Miss Larobe!" they hailed her now.

"Whats the idea about this?"

She stopped.

David and Iris were disputing about the gramophone. each held a hand
It had to be hidden; but it had to be close enough to the audience to be heard. Well, had she not given orders? Hurdles ~~covered in straw~~. Where were the hurdles covered in straw? Fetch them. Mr Streafield had said he would see to it. leaves?

Where was Mr Streafield? No clergyman was visible. The they might Forget

"Perhaps hes in the Barn." Tommy, run cut along and fetch him."

Tommies wanted in the first scene. Berite then.... Mrs LaTrobe "Bertie cut along

Mothers arrived from the village. They were antagonistic. have to hail him up poor friends

One child had been chosen; another not. Fair hair was unjustly preferred to dark. And Mrs Ebury had forbidden her Fanny to act because of Joyces nettle rash. There was another name in the village for nettle rash. The Fairs cottage was not a an d that he not clean. During th war the elder women remembered Mrs Fair had lived with a Army an officer salesman while her husband was in the

trenches. Miss ~~a~~ t robe surveyi ng the now crowded Grove
(properties)
from her raised path under the ~~bxxxxxx~~ birch trees
had the web of village life under her inspection;
but refused, permepritly, to be mixed up in it.
She splashed into its fine mesh plop like a great stone, or
rough haired dog, into the lily pool. Only the rudiemnts
were ~~well~~ known to her. The vanity of the young was a constan
(vanity was) (useful)
factor. Pardonable in the young; and malleable if you
(worked out)
paid it no attention. The boys wanted the big parts;
(the mothers were jealous.)
t e girls wanted the fine clothes. Expenses had to be
(conventions prohibited)
kept down; they couldnt be made to see, straight off,
how a dish cloth wound round the head in the open
air looked much richer than old silk, which, moreover,
they couldnt affford. And every one must dress alike.
(Thus were the chief lines of the web of village life.)
Waitin for Mr ~treafield she paced between the brich trees.

The other trees were magnificently straight. They were
columnar; and not too regular, but regular enough to
give the effect of premeditated measure; of marching;
(they were)
Regulad enough to suggest columns in a church; in a church
(in)
~~a~~ with out a roof; in an open air, (a) cathedral; a place where
swallows darting seemed , by the regularity of the (hu)~~etres~~,
to make a pattrn; dancing, like the rRussians,
only not to music, but to their (the) (some) unheard rhym (beat)
(in their own mute hearts.)
rhtyhm the ~~steps of an invisible dance~~

The Looe Corner

"Well, we must possess our souls in patience" said mrs manresa as the distant laughter died away. As she finished her senetnce she suppressed a yawn. They were silent. But they stared; they stared at the view as if they laid the buden of speech upon those acres and acres of flat agricultural land. Perhaps something might happen n one of the fields to relieve them of the burden; of the intolerable burden of sitting silent in company; perhaps some incident in one of the fields would relieve the pressure thathad become irksome. Their minds and bodies were too close; yet not close enough. We arent free, each felt separately; we cant think nor yet feel what we want to think and feel; because ere so close yet not close enough. , not yet fall asleep. because were so close. They fidf fidgetted. The Cows were motionless.

The heat had greatly and suddenly increased. he cl uds ahd imperceptibly vanished. All was sun now. The view laid ba e by the sunlight seemed flattened and stilled. It had grown plain and dull; it had no movement, no variety. Even the cows were motionless. The brick wall behind them seem to return the heat in little brittel atoms.

Bart gave a sigh, as deep, by involuntary. His head jerekd his hans dropped; it issed the head of the dog who slept at his side only by an inch or two. Up her jerked it again on to his knee. The cow knelt, fell

Giles glared. He bound his knees tight together with is cleched fists. He looked straight ahead; set in a trace; as if his irascible mood had been fixed itself eternally.

Isabella sitting next to him felt imprisoned. Sensations tried to reach her through the prison bars. Jealousy and what she supposed to be desire--the wish that Rupert Baines would come---tormed her; but through prisons bars, and throufh a sleep haze which deflected them. Also other eoples presence fordae her to feel either jealousy or love distinctly. Most consciously was the feeling of thirst. She had drunk sweet wine at luncheson. She longed for a great tumbler of cold water A beaker of cold water she repeated to herself. Cold water, cold water. And as she said the words she saw h the water surrounded with shining glass.

Mrs manresa longed to curl up on a cushion on a sofa in the shaded corner of her own little snuggery with a paper, and a cigarette.

Mrs within and William Dodge remained for some reason wide awake.

The view provided them with nothing but a tantalising haze; it wa tantalising because it invited the to yield; to refelct its ripple and let their own minds ripple. How tempting to let outlines elongate, melt; to pitch over--so--with a sudden jerk...Mrs ma resa

yielded for one second. She hald plu ged over the precipice into darkness, Then pulled herself up short.

"What a view!" she exclaimed, pretending to throw away her cigarette, but in truth covering a yawn. She sighed, pretending to express not her own drowsiness but some emotion connected with views.

Nobody answered her. The flat fields glared in the sunshine, green yellow blue; blue, green yellow. The repetition was was madening; was hideous.

"Come" said Mrs switihin in a low voice, yet as if the exact moment for speech had come. "I'll show you the house" She spoke as if she fulfilled a promise. She addressed no one in particular. But William Dodge who sat next her seemed summoned. He rose, with the jerk of a toy pulled suddenly straight by a string. His limbs straighte

end

though his eyes rippled.

"What energy... " Mrs Manresa murmured in a strangled voice, and hal sighed half yawned.

Have I the courage to go too? Isabella asked herself. ~~No, she had not the courage.~~ They were on their feet and she still sat there, desiring to follow; to fetch a ~~glass of water~~; but desire petered out, suppressed by the leaden duty she owed, ~~to society~~. Now they were some distance. Mrs Swiftin tottered a little and looked crumpled and bent; and William Dodge seemed to unfurl and stastraighten as he followed her along the blazing tiles under the hot brick wall. towards the shade of the house.

A match box fell. It was Bartholomews. He dropped it. He gave up the game; he was old; ~~he~~ couldnt be bothered; his had dropped again to an inch above his gdogs head; and he lay head on one side, his hand dangling, fast alseep.

The House

"This is the grand staircase" said Mrs Swithin pausing at the bottom of the flight of steps. "Now we ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ go up.".

She went up two steps in advance of her guest. Lengths of silver-yellow tinted satin ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ elongated, as they mounted and came level with the picture.

"Not an ancestres, but we prtend she is. We claim her, because weve known her, off and on, for two hu red years" ~~But who painted her~~? Nobody of the least importance. We're not important people... Mr.... Scarely a ~~peer in~~ the family. A baronet or two.... But she s lovelier by moonlight."

Now the sun was pouring down on her. She seemed irradiated, as for a ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ banquet. Lucy passed on, up more stairs.

"perhaps, like me, you dont care about ancestors. Flesh and blood ancestors. Spirit ancestors-- people ones descended from by way of the mind" she panted sligtly. as she went up-- "thats different. Here are some of our books..."

They were in a gallery, passing book cases sunk level with the wall, so that they seemed part of the wall; carved. She drew her hand over the books as they passed as if they were pan pipes. Her whimsicality had he not been alone with her would have affected him unplesanalt.y But ~~wthere w~~ s no reason for her to show off--alone with him; a man whose name she had forgotten.

"We dont look after them as we should, I'm afraid"

she said. SAnd its damp, in winter.. My brother says, the house was built as they did build houses then, north, for shelter. Not south, for sun... Let me see, what comes next? " She stopped . There was a door.

"The morning room"

She peeped in. Groups herbed can be shown. But we need to sit there a long time for that room. Still. People used to call. My mother sat there all the morning 2 ?. "I never care for sitting there. My mother did. People never did. My mother sat then. Called in those days called; a great many people. A great deal was made then of society. All gone. All dead. " Thank God!

She shut the door. Dodge had only seen two chairs, facing each other, in front of what might have been --only he had not time to look--an ~~Adams~~ a fine mantelpiece.

"Now up again" said Mrs swithin. "The bed rooms."

"Up they went" she reamraked, as if she were telling the story of her her ancestors lives, " up and up to bed."

"A house Mr.. " she said, to be shown properly, as they walk up (of course) should be shown by those who know its hitsory.

I'm ignorant. I ignore.... Yes I ignore a great many things I'm afariad...."I ignore" she repeated, as if some hidden meaning in the word attracted her.

On the contray, he refelcted, as she stopped short in a window, and held the curtain back, she did not ignore; she lighted, like one of those capricious beasm that passing cars send over ceilings from Metropolitan e looked too.

The garden beneath was bathed in sun, The grass was sleek and shining. Three white piegeons had settled as ornate as ladies in ball dresses, flirting, tiptoeing; the

their elegant bodies swaying on their little feet as they ran with tiny steps upon the grass.

Mrs Within seemed to drink the sight, as a thirsty person drinks a tumbler of cool water.

"Ah!" she exclimed. Up they rose all in a covey in a flutter and circled and flew off.

"The bedrooms now..." she said. She tapped twice ver y dinstinctly on the door.

She waited.

"One never knows" she whispered, "if there's someone there." She listened with her head down. Then she flung open the door.

The room was empty. Dodge had expected some one naked perhaps, or half dressed, or knelt in prayer. But it was tidy as a pin, a spare room, not slept in for months ' Candles stood on the dressing table. The counterpane was straight. It was a little close and smelt musty.

Mrs Within stood on the threshold.

Here " she said, yes, here, she tapped the counterpane, I was born in this bed. Born in the flesh, for if you understand me, I feel always, we have other lives. Lives we live well of course in others; of course we live in others. And also in --cupboards."

There was a great mahogany cupboard filling the corner.

Her voice died away. She had sunk down on the edge of the bed, tired no doubt by all the stairs and the heat.

She spoke ~~xxxx~~ simply, ; ~~she did not laugh~~; It was the voice of someone who is making an effort to go on talking, ~~to~~ to talk continue aginst herown tiredness; to continue out of charity towards a stra ger a guest. She did not even know his name. Twice she had said "Mr" and then stopped.

"Mr..." she said a third time, but he was looking about him; and she stopped, gladly.

The furniture was mid-Victorain, Porbably "aples or Schoolbred had supplied it, ~~in a set~~. The carpet , Dodge noticed, was covered with a pattern of small purple and yellw dots. And there was a white circle where the slop pail had stood by the yellow washstand.

"Mr...." he waited for her to finish the senetnce.

But she was silent. He wished he could say there and then "I'm William" and so tell her that he he admired the great courtesy she showed him, Old and fraill, not only did she climb the stairs, --that was nothing; but she spoke her thoughts, not caring , he was now certain, if he thought her, as he had thought her, whimsical, wilful, inconsequent purposely, by way of charming him; No, she was talking to help him; extending a hand, as best she could, to help him up the steep place, which somehow she had alone of them all, divin d. Come and see my sea weeds come and see my sea cshells come and see my ~~xxxxx~~ dicky bird hop on its perch...

Well; she was a very old child singing some such nursery rhy e. Tears would have filled his eyes. Now, looking away from her to hide his emotion he ~~caught an odd glimpse~~ saw he

her reflected in the mahogany glass on the dressing table, an old wispy woman sitting on the bed in which she had been born.

Their eyes met in the glass. The smile cut off from their boies, seemed intimate. They liked each other without waiting for their bodies to confirm it. It would take some time for their bodies to catch up.

Had there been anybody else there, William would have selected only what was cmxxxx comic in the situation. ~~e would have brought~~ in the slopail; the white mark on the carpet; instead of giving precedence to his serious f eoing of liking.

"Now she said, sli pping off the bed, lets go on..."

To him it seemed as if she referred to the intim intimacy tht was sure to be theirs. He, like Giles was making words erect themsleves and point fingers at him. He held the door open for her. They ~~prowled~~ along the pssage, past two or three shut doors; until they came to the nursery door which was open.

The hous ewas deserted. very one was out in the garden. It was like a ship that has been left by the crew. The childm had been playing--there awas a spotted horse in the middle of t e room. The nurse had been sewing-- there was a piece of stuff on the table. The baby had been in the cradle.

"This is the nursery said Mrs swithin. He fmmkhx felt that she meant "This is the cradle of the human race." It was a symbolical, universal nurs ry. He c ossed to the

fireplace and looked intently at a coloured illustration cut out from the Chri tsmas Annual of a Childrens magazine. It was called "Good freinds"; and it represented a newfound land dog and a small child sitting at the bottom of a flight stairs together.

Mrs within was vagrant. She did not set le on, one thing rather than on another. She had been there so often that she saw nothing in particualr. Perhaps she did not even smell the warm sweet smell, as of clothes drying, and warm water and... But his analysis of the nursery smeell was interrupted by a soft purring sound. It came in through the open door. It was the ourr of rubber tires upon gravel. Mrs within had wandered off, while he looked, she had gone into the pssage and leant against the window . He followed her, leaving the door oepn xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx for the crew to come back to. Dwn in the couryard cars were arriving. The glossy black roofs were as embled side by side. Chauufeurs were jumping down; holding doors open. Here old ladies gingerly advanced their black legs; old gentlemen their striped trousers. Here too young men in flannel trousers lapt out; on one side; girls with skin coloured legs on the other. There was some goal to which they were making; leaping obstacles. in a hurry; desiring to get ahead of each other.

But Mrs switin and William Dodge lo king down from the upper window felt immune. The string attaching them had been cut They were unattached.

Nan,

As the wa ther expert had foretold, winds light but varia ble blew down the corridor. A puff of wind blew out the muslin curtains. Yet though it affected the muslin, i t was wanton, ~~impersonal~~, ~~disembodied~~; buoyant and beautiful, as if some good natured goddess rising from her throne among her peers had tossed out her amber coloured raiment, and the other gods seeing her rise and go , all laughed and their laughter wafted her on.

Mrs within put her hands to her head.

"I hope I didnt do wrong..."Mr..." he paused

"William" he interrupted.

She smiled a ravishing girls' smile, as if the ~~mind~~ the word had warmed the old age, the wintry blue in the sky of her eyes to amber, gold and youth. —

"... in taking you away from your freinds. I felt tight, as if I'd a drum here" She touched her bony forehead, upon which o one blue vein wriggled like a blue worm. But her eyes in their caves of bone still remained lit up, dancing, And he wished to kiss her hand; to kneel before her; to tell her: I was bullied at school; had my head held down in a bucket of dirty water; when I looked up saw the whole world dirty streaked; married, Milly; lived near the Caledonian market; now since my childs not my child but Ruperts, let the Manresa pat me and pet me; among her purple plush; among her odious ornmanets; china dogs that pot pouuri; scent; for my homes not my home; the childs not mine, Mrs within, that I'm sure; but I havent the guts to leave her. or to kick him out; so that when I com

said Mrs witin, in a fluttering voice, as if she were of two minds; and they fluttered to right and left, like pigeons rising from the grass.

Oct 7th. 1938

The Procession streamed They streamed along the paths, across the lawns. hobbling, striding. Many were old; others in the prime of life. Some were lame. Yet there was a certain ~~stateliness~~ air, common to the lame, and to the able bodied. It was difficult to name it; it was as though they were specialised. It was not a mob, a heterogeneous assembly, each clutching a shilling or a half crown, which would give them a right to enter. They were sure of places, even if they came late.

Mr J. F. Figgis, who had written the Guide book in 1830, would have supplied the reason for that nameless common element; that dignity; that specialisation. He would have put his finger, had he been in the flesh at some coign of vantage, upon that quality without naming it. "The family of Dyce Odgers" he wrote, whose present repre setative is Reginald Dyce Odgers of Dicker Hall, has been settled in the neighbourhood since the days of Henry the Eighth. Mr ~~Dyce Odgers whose efforts in the interests of local brreed of sheep are too well known to require mention....married Helena daughter of Smith- Welby of Owlswik~~ in the neighbouring county. Their phialntropic efforts on behalf of their pooere neighbours are too well known.... .The Chu ch presents some features of antiquarian

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft

Pp.100-147. Page 100 dated Oct. 7, 1938

Page 147 dated Feb. 5, 1939

p.111 misnumbered 112

Three drafts of p.120
p.[121] may not belong

The procession The Audience.

The audience, the people who had arrived in their cars, streamed along the paths, across the lawns, ~~hobbling and striding~~. Many were old; many were in the prime of life. Some were lame. Yet there was a certain air, common to the lame and to the able bodied. It was difficult to name it, save by saying that it was not a mob, not a ~~tetrogeneous~~ heterogeneous hurrying crowd, each clutching a shilling or a half cronw which would give them a right to a seat: ~~and by adding, that~~ they were sure of places, even if they came late.

Mr J.F. Figgis, who wrote the Guide book about 1830, supplied the reason for that mameless common element ~~thxxxxxxxx~~ without naming it. Had he been in the flesh at some coign of vantage he would have put his finger upon it. Here it was steewn about in his book: "The family of Br Dyce Odgers" ~~he wrote~~ " whose present representative is "eginald Dyce Odgers Esqire of icker hall, has been settled in the neighbourhood since the days of Henry the ighth...

Byt this alliance the family acquired the estates of Owls wick in the neighbouring county. .... T eir efforts on behalf of their poooerer neighbours are too well known he continued. .. The Church presents some features of antiquarian interest....The Manor House which had been in the same family for seven hundre years was destroy d in a lamentable fire.... The local breed of shorthorns owes much to the disinterested labours of R.C. Markham Esqire — who has for many years filled the post of...

It was true that these ~~facts~~ remarks referred to the parents, grandparents, and in some cases to the great grandparents of those who were actually crossing the alwn. They refrred to houses which had been burnt down; to churches which had been rebuilt; to flocks and herds whih had been dispersed; to estates whi h had been developed by the local builder or sold to a gent,man, like Ralph Manresa, from abraod. But ro ghly speaking, had Mr Piggis suddenly come to life and called the roll call of those names and flocks, half the ladies and gentlemen presnet would have said Adsum; or at least So Ive always been told...or I great remember it believe it was so; or What a hiedous house theyve built on th ruins! Or, If you ask me, its an outrage. And the consciousness that they would thus have spokenx answered, had the ghost spoken, gave their movements even now in 1938 on this day of light variabl winds, a differebt motion or air fro that which is to be perceived of in a London crowd queing up in Oxford Street under the ruby light . Whether Which is better which worse, it is for the moralists to say.

a hand made, or rather home made, for may more Rather, or low ornate,

There was an air too about the villagers. They were no more casual, incidental and unrelated than the car company. Had Mr Piggis called their names they would have answered. Mrs Sands had been an Iliffe; Bartlets mother a Perry. The green mounds in the churchyard had been cast up by them for three or four centuires. like molehills, made by generations of Perrys and Iliffes, whose labours, like the moles, had turned the earth and left it friable.

But inevitably there was among the audince one person, who for some reason remained ~~like a crest of~~ brown rock ~~always~~ emerging from a wave, uncovered by the common mind. ~~a Moralist.~~ There he was, in a rather shabby tweed suit with a felt hat, drawn down over his face, rather to the left under a monkey puzzle. Already, before the show had begun, he had made the tree serve as a symbol ~~of the perpetual climbing of the human race.~~ Already the spiky branches made a crisscross for its incessant ~~wandering;~~ affording no foothold; nor yet shaping a pattern. They climbed, climbed , climbed. He filled his pipe and lit it.

But, even as he put the stem between his lips, he resented ~~the~~ the suggestion to which , ~~working~~ a confirmed smoker, he was susceptible, that what binds us to life are the bodily pleasures; that we are held tight to the tree, as an airman is held fast in his seat even when upside down, ~~by the force of gravitation, by the physcal pleasures;~~ smoking; eating drinking; and other pleasures, lodged in us ~~for the~~ so that the human race may continue, ~~so that~~ we are bound to the world, even when the world is upside down.

He resented this. He wished to have a better reason for living. The poor were less excusable ~~for~~ than the rich. Since ~~the~~ pleasures were less, they should hold less tight. They should resist. But they did not resist. They ate plum cake and ham sandwiches in barns. He did not like the rich; he did not like the poor; he liked no one, ~~last~~ of all himself. Mr Figgises Guide book made nomention of this man. There was no one jutting out like a rock on top of the waves

in Mr Figgis'es Guide Book. The world was spxxxxxxxx smooth and spherical. Yet there he was, the man in the shabby suit, rather to the left, under the Moneky Puzzle.

Deck chairs and gilt chairs, cane chairs and garden seats had been drawn up miscellaneously. There was plenty of room for everybody. There was the ~~lawn~~ earth itself.— The lawn could seat sveral hundreds. As Miss a Trobe had said the grounds of Pointz all were cut out for an entertainment. The lawn was flat as the floor of a theatre. The terrace, rising, made a natural stage. The tres gave architectural stress to the figures. The human figure itself was seen to great advantage thus raised against a back groudf of sky. And on the right, beyond the lily pond, the Grove with its bushes, made a natural dressing room.

~~The Prologue.~~

Gentles and simples, I address you all,
Come hither to our festival.
It is a pageant, all may see,
Drawn from our Island history.
England am I.
Now weak and small,
A child as all may see
A child new born
Sprung from the sea,
Whose billows, blown by mighty storm
Cut off both France and Germany,

Behind t em passing in and out in single file between the trees the villagers sang;

Digging and delving--- for the earth is always the same, summer and winter and spring; and spring and winter again; ploughing and sowing; eating and growing; time passes....

Chuff, chuff, chuff, went the machine in the bushes.

The dance had stopped. The dancers disappared. Mabel Hopkins ~~stood in the middle of the ground.~~

~~She had come on to the stage~~ was left alone in the centre of the stage. ~~While they danced she had mounted a box.~~ mounted on a box She stood there , her arms extended, her robes flowing, holding her orb and scptre. Gazing into the distance

~~No one appeared from the bushes~~ And then while the audince gazed at her, helpers from the bushes arranged round her what appeared to be three sides of a room. In the middle they stood a table. On the table they placed a china tea set. She surveyed this domestic scene from her eminence. Lady Harpy Harraden was a pause.

"Another scene from another play, I usppose"

said Mrs Elmhurst, referring to her programme. out for the benfit of her husband who was deaf

She read aloud; "Where theres a Will theres a Way"

Characters: Lady Harpy Harraden

Deb. her maid.
Sir Spaniel Lily, liver.
Sir Smirking Peace be with you all.
Lord and Lady Fribble.
Valentine and Flavinda.

What names for real people!" she exclaimed. But look! Here they come."

Hog, rhinoceros, reindeer,

Dug ourselves in on the hilltop; ~~made mad huts~~;

Ground roots between stones;

Ground wheat,

Till we too lay under ~~ground~~ g-r-o-u-n-d.....

~~the voice tailed away, as if the machine had spent itself;~~

The voice tailed away, as if the machine had spent itself;
Me high file disappeared

But an intermittent buzzing went on, chuff chuff chuff,

as if marking time Chuff , chuff, chuff...

as the villagers dressed in sacking with faces solmenly set in a stony stare paced rhymically one by one through the trees and so down in to the Grove where they disappeared. Chuff, chuff, chuff the machin buz ed as if marking time.

The company from the Looe Corner, privately admonish ed by Parlet, had dragged their seats into favourable positions before hands. This sudden assault therefore found them prepared. They had been in time to see Joyce take her place on the mat, with the Conch curve of the flower and leaf decked hurdle nehind her.

Her voice had been expected. None the less, her words made Mrs manresa feel as if she had been peppered with a shower of hard little stones. She was so exposed--her place was prominent, on a deck chair in the middle next to Giles-- to the whole tedious affair. How could it esca e being tedious?---

First rt Britons; then Normans; then udors, then Plantagenets--- she was not sure in what order they

would come; but come they would. They roused no sensations. There were vast vacancies unwarmed by any thrill between her and those men in sacking. No illusion whatever. Here she was in a garden. There they were, dressed up. The machine buzsed. Chuff chuff chuff. It made her think of a corncutter or some such farm instrument, on a warm autumn day. It was still very hot; but sleep , where she sat, was out of the question . She had to keep her eyes open and , if possible. smile. But she felt as if her skin cracked when she smiled.

"Oh my stars and garters....." Miss a robe graoned. As prompter, she was concealed by a tree; She looked sown the front row of the auience. All the faces in the front row glared as if the play to which they were exposed were a frsot, that nipped them and fixed them at some level ~~level~~ tht was not the natural level. Some levels were ; some werent. This one at any rate was the stuffed pig level; only Bond the bowman remained natural, fluid.

The buzz of the machine now ran into music. It was a march tune. That did the trick--- at least the ice cracked Miss a robe saw on the most exposed face--Mrs Manresas. She beat time with her hand. on the arm of her chair.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoderick.... that was more or less the meaning of the simple pompous

2 tons of
Coal
1 ton Coke
Dry Matter.

NYPL

tune that now issued from the machine in the bush

Armed and valiant,

Marching, trampling

Mrs anresa tapped the chair

Bold and blatant,

Firm, elatant

See the warrior tramp the dust....

and then there was a wobble , and she slipped

instinctively into her own private version; her self-

flattering version:

My home is at Windsor

Close to the Inn

Royal eorge is the name of the Pub:

And bys you'll believe me,

I dont want no asking...

Yes, the wild child was the Queen of the Festival.

Her thigh in its tight blue serge skirt swelled alongside

the muscular thigh of Giles. She radiated sensation;

royalty; complacency; humour. She had ascended her

eminence; and was in possession once more, after the

oblivion of her drwosiness, of the jolly woman she was

by nature.

Miss a Trobe sighed with relief. The producers great terror-- that the gap will never be bridged was gone; it had been skimmed at any rate.

"Sorry I'm late" said rs within, pushing her way with William into a chair beside her brother.

"Whats it all about? Ive missed the prolonue.

England' Enagland was a little girl?.... I see....

Now she's growing up ..."

Hilda Sidebdtham had taken Jouces place .

"Oh England's grown...." Miss La robe prompted her.

"Oh Englands grown a girl Now" Hilda announced,

With roses in her hair,

Wild roses, red roses,

And roams the lanes and chooses,

A garland for her hair....

"A cushion?" Thank you so much" said Mrs Switihin.

"Thats England in the time of Cahucer, I take it" She nodded

~~Yes~~. Shes been maying, nutting. Has garlands in her hair.

Ambitious, isnt it? Thats England in front; And then...

ahem!" she stopped.

Time, time, time am I,

Time I watch them,

See them

There! the machine growled out.

"Time sees what?" Mrs switihin asked old Bart.

"People passing" said bart.

More villagers in dish cloths &c. passed over the terrace

in and out between the trees.

Down to the valleys we came,

Wore ruts in the grass,

Built the house in the lane...

the rest of the chant was difficult to catch.

Oh pass villagers, passengers, passuionate lovers, blivers,

Picking the rose on the hedge, and sticking the flower

that falls and fades too,

Isa began filling in the words to fit the long strides of

the villagers.

Lovers, belivers, she repated, Diggers and delvers, she added remarking the shirts of sacking; also one of them carried a spade; another a pitchfork.

"Canterbury pilgrims, I suppose " said Mrs Swithin.

To the shrine of the Saint,

the words were now audible,

To the tomb,

We come.....

Lovers, bélivers, Isa echoed, She half turned her head.

Yes. Rupert aines had come. Also the Perrys with him.

He was just behind her, to the right.

Love took up the harp of life

And smoe the strings to one note, she hummed,

It was an advertisement of some fruit drink she thought.

The villagers were almost gone from the terrace.

Hey nonny, nonny no, they were singing,

I kissed a girl and let her go,

Another did tumble,

In the straw and in the hay....

Chuff chuff chufff the machine began gasping, like a corn cutter on a hot autumn day.

Its an ambitious attempt, on the part of Mxxxx la robe, said old part as the villagers disappaered into the grove.

Chuff chuff chuff went the machine. He took out his cigar case. He lit a cheroot.

"A little tooo complicated. "

"Dont lets crab it before its done" said Lucy. After all, its a beautiful setting. The figures against the blue.

They look larger than life. And how becoming the dress is-- I'd no notion we're such a good looking lot" she turned to William Dodge, She seemed to refer to him.

William said nothing. though he felt that she asked him to say Yes or no. Yes or no---about what He had not heard a word. He had, to use his own short hand, been "staked". "~~Staked~~ was his short-cut word for emotions in front of sights, or pictures. He used it to mark down certain exaltations. The stake remained. After days, weeks perhaps, ~~xxx~~ he examined what it marked. Perhaps he tried t write it down; or referred it to a picture--by Degas, Renoir, Cezanne. He had that moment marked the figures between the trees against the background. He had not hing to say.

"Something gone wrong with the machine?" he said, by way of saying something.

"It is marking time" said Oliver. "Which has ceased to exist for us"

"Because were so old" said Lucy. "So old that we have no future. Only the present."

There was a pause. They stretched their wings in the present; luxuritaing; immoratl, because they had no fut re. So did he, when he staked a sight. His immortality was momentary. He had a future--- unfortunately. But they had no future; hence their

They look larger than life. And how becoming the dress is-- I'd no notion we're such a good looking lot" she turned to illiam odge, a of the ahew a fuster refer to him.

William said nothing. though he felt that she asked him to say es or no. Yes or no---about what e had not heard a word. e had, to use his own short hand, been staked". ~~Staked~~ was his short-cut word for emotions in front of sights, or pictures. tro ntorey for analysis.

He used it to mark down certain exaltations. The stake remained. After days, w eeks perhaps, ~~xxx~~ he examined dug up what it marked. erhaps he tried t write it down; or referred it to a picture--by egas, renoir, ce Cezanne. He had that moment ~~marked~~ Worked the figures between the trees against the background. He had not hing to say.

"Something ~~gone~~ wrong with the machine?" he said, by way of saying something. Chuck chuck. chuck it

"It is marking time" said Oliver. "Which has ceased to exist for us, Lucy."

"Because were so old" said ucy. "So old that we have no future. Only the present."

There was a pause. They stretched their wings in the present; luxuritaing; immoratl, because they had no fut re. So did he, when he staked a sight. His immortality was momentary. e had a future--- unfortunately. But they had no future; hence their

nence their safety; their immortality. nowever,
the dog snapped at a fly and the trance was broken.
Chuff chuff chuff, the machine buzzed in the bush.
And they all sat in the front row waiting for the next
act. with the sun beating on them.

Isa fidetted, she glanced to right and left.
She glanced at William; but passed off him;
dissatisfied. But they had to sit there.
They were exposed in the front row.

Four and twenty blackbirds, strung upon a line,
the buzz buzzed at him,
Down came an Ostrich, an eagle, an executioner,
Which of you is ripe he said,
To bake in my pie?
Which of you is ripe,
Which of you is ready,
Come my pretty gentleman,
Comexxxxxmy pretty lady.
The sun blazed; the machine buzzed.
There ishe is, said Mrs manresa giving a little nudge,
to her companion.

A great burst of laughter mixed with clapping
greeted the Elizabethan age in the person of Eliza
Clark xxxxxxxx licensed to sell tobacco. She was
undoubtedly Mrs Clark of the village shop. But she had
been dressed up and very successfully; in cheap
shiny sateens; sixpenny brooches glared
like tigers and cats eyes, red and green;

ropes of perals looed and swung;
and she had a cape of cloth of silver--- made of
sqaubs used to scour saucepans. All combined
made a magnificent ᵕourt ₁ady of her; and her size
-- her head always struck the bacon in the shop,
she could reac down a bunch of candles, -
or haul a keg of oranges made her appear symbolically huge
magnificent, as she stood raised above them with the
blue and the sailing clouds behind her. The breeze
was now blowing.

..... The Queen of this great land.....

those were the first words that could be heardabove
the clapping and laughter.
Mistress of ships and bearded men, the world
Tumbling their ornages, ingots of silver,
Cargoes of diamonds, ducats of gold
Down on the jetty; there down in the West land
Mistress of pinnacles, spires and palaces,
For me Shakespeare sang; and the throstle
Piped in the wild wood, the green wood,
Carolling England, priasing the Queen,
Nature and man.
Then was there heard too
Above the dray and ~~the~~ lorry
On granite and cobble
From Windsor to Oxford
Loud laughter, low laughter
Of Warrior and lover

The fighter, the singer,

The ashen-haired babe

Stretched his arms in contenemtn

As home from the Isles came

The sea faring men...

Here she raised her arms to steady the ruffle

which insecurely fasntened threatned to blow away.

Laughter, laoud laughter, Giles rppeated. They had

put a record on the gramophone. The tune reeled from

side to side as if it were drunk with merriment.

Mrs manresa began beating her foot, humming . a tune.

"Barvo! Bravo!" she cried. Theres life in the old dog

yet!"

And forgetting her place in the middle of the front

row she trolloped out the words of a music hall

song with an abandonment which was , if vulgar, were

really magnificent. Anyhow she saved the situation.

For the ruff had come unpinned and the great Eliza

had forgotten her lines.

"I fear I am not in my perfect mind," Giles m

muttered. A stricken deer in whose lean flank

the worlds harsh scorn has struck its iron.

Exiled from its festival; the music turned

xxxxx ironical...a churchyard haunter at whom

the owl hoots and the ivy mocks; tap, tap, tapping

on the pane. For they are dead, and I...I...I...."

he repeated, glaring at his Aunt Lucy who sat

craned forward with her mouth gaping and her

bony little hands clapping.

Everybody was clapping to welcome a new actor. It was Albert, the village idiot, scarcely disguised.

He ambled up to the great Eliza. mocking and mowing.

I know where the tit nests " he began

In the hedgerow. I know, I know--

What dont I know?

All your secrets ladies,

And your's too

Gentlemen.

I know...I know....

He had forgotten his lines. But still acted his part. He was picking and pulling at Eliza alrks skirts; He jiggered and capered as if he were enjoying himself. She cuffed him on the ear. He tweaked her back.

Albert having the time of his life " Bart murmured to Lucy

Lucy agreed.

As long as he dont have a fit she mumured.

"I know...I know" Albert tittered,

shaking his head from side to side as if he wore bells.

"The village idiot" whispered a stout purple lady - Mrs Peck

who came from ten miles distant; where too they had an idiot. It wasnt nice. Suppoe he suddenly did some thing dreadful? "here he was pinching the Queen's

skirts...She half raised her hand to cover her eyes in csae he did something dreadful.

Hoppety, jiggety, Albert resumed,

In at the window, and out of the door,

What does the little bird hear? He whistled on his fingers.)

And see! Theres a mouse...

(he made as if he were chasing it through the grass)

Now the clock strikes! (he stood erect with his mouth wide open;

One two thrre four.

Miss La Trobe beat a gong; and he ambled off as if he knew that his time was up. His turn was over.

"Glad thats over" said Miss arker, the lady who came from Darting, ten miles away, She shuddered, as if she ahd crunched a snail in her sald.

"Now what comes next? Oh look--its a tableau!

The figures of the villagers who had been passing in and out between the trees while this scene went forward stopped. They grouped themsleves round the figure of Great Eliza, as if to form a court; or an audience.

There was to be a final tableau; representing a play played before Elizabeth at Whitehall.

"What does the programme say?" Mrs arker raised her lornette.

She mumbled through the blurred blue carbon synopsis.
~~It was a scene from a play;~~ it was about a false Duke;
a princess disgusied as a page boy; a beggar proved
by the mole on his cheek to be the rightful heir;
how he is discovered; they fall in love at first sight
and all comes right in the ned. That was more or
less the plot.

She looked up. An aged crone tottered
forward.
Mrs Price from the End House, Lucy whispered.
~~But she was dishevvled and withered. And she~~
~~craocked out, making believe that she was swaying~~
on a chair in the chimney nook:
"'Twas a winters night; I mind me that
I to whom all's one now, summer or winter.
You say the sun shines? ~~(she serewed up her blind~~
~~eyes)~~ I believe you sir,
"Oh but its winter; and the fog's abraod."
All's one to Elsbeth, summer or winter,
By the fireside, in the chimney corner, telling her
beads.
I've cause to etell'em.
Each bead a crime.
"Iwas a winters night, before cockrcorw--
Yet the cock did crow ere he left me,—
The man with the hood on his face and the bloody hands
And the babe in the basket. "Tee hee" he mewed.

"Tee hee " he mewed, as who should say I want my toy."

Poor witling!

Tee hee, tee hee! I could not slay him.

For that, Mary in Heaven forgive me

The sins I've siined before cockcrow!

Down to the creek in the dawn I slipped

Where the gull haunts and the heron stands

Like a stake on the edge of the marshes....

-----Are you come to torture me, Sirs?

There is little blood in my arm----

She broke off. Three young me swaggered on to the stage. The beldame was stone deaf. They had much ado tomake plain their meaning; to wit, had she any memeory of concealing a child in a cradle among the rushes twenty one years ago? I ~~[illegible]~~--

~~[illegible]~~

There is little blood in myarm, Isabella repeated.

For there was such a medley of things going on what with the beldames deafness; the bawling of the youths; and the confusion of the plot that she could make nothing of it. But what did the plot matter? She shifted and looked at Rupert Haines.

The plot was only there to breed emotion.

And there were only three emotions; love; hate; fear. There was no need to puzzle out the plot. Perhaps there was none. It was clever of miss la Troe to choose this scene; to cut out the very knot in the centre. The play gave them access

to vthe three prime emotions; love; hate; fear½

And never mind the plot.''

The re ognition secene had taken place. There was

the mole. He was the pr nce. Might the bells of

Heaven peal to speak the beldames joy. Em braces.

and son then. Then,

Look where she comes?

Who came? Oh the nightingale sang; the pearl

hunfin the sable ear; it wxxxx was love at first sgght.

Oh Carithia oh...

That summed up all that most people felt at the summit

of their lives.

"Oh Rupert, oh"...She had come down stairs in her

dressing gown with her hair in a plait last night.

That was her greeting to the gentleman farmer.

Like apear lni nights sable ear. Or a the passion

flower of the trembling star...like like like.

He (that is, the pri ce; that is Miles Potter)

simpl said.

Hail, sweet carithia. —

And she to him;

My liege, my lord....

Quite enough.

They fell into each others arms.

The beldame meanwhile, because there was nomore to be

said, now that she had identified the mole, been confri

accused herself of every crime under the sun;

and pronounced herself ready to

to the three prime emotions; love; hate fear; and

never mind the plot.

The recongiton scene was atakeing place.

Oh Carinthia oh.

That summed p all that most people felt at the summit

of their lives.

Oh Rupert oh. She had come down stairs in

her dressing own with her hair in a plait last night

and that was her greeting. She remembered the thrill.

she says

Then he says to ~~xxxx~~x him,

~~Oh~~x Hail sweet Carinthia,

The beldame, havi identified the mole, and recalled

the night at some lgnth; and been confrimed by the

aged shepherd who had found the cradle in the rushes

dfurther down the river; t~~hxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

gave up the gost. She sank back in her chair.

The beads hung f om he her fingers.

Look to the beldame there...

Peace let her pass.

That was the other emotion; sorrow. You plaited them

like a horses tail on a fair day; love; sorrow;

ear. Now the old Duke whose cotton wool moustabche

confused his utternace pronounced benediction.

The heavens rain blessings. Let music sound;

and the free air of heaven waft them to their couch.

Let music sound...

The gramohpone struck up. Great Eliza dismounting from

her box on which she had ben standing led the processin

to the three prime emotions; love; hate ; fear.
~~S~~never mind the plot.

The beldame had recon ised the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxxxxx~~ the mole; he was the rince.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Embraces;

"let the bells of eaven peal ~~xxxxxxxx~~ benison!"

Young harles submiitedto the withered arms of the

aged crone. Then ~~stood upright.~~ ——

"Look where she comes!"

Who came The nightingales song; the p earl in nights

sable ear; arinthia....Love at first sight.

"h arnthia oh!"

That ~~summed~~ up all that most people ever felt.

Oh Rupert oh---" She had come down sars in he dressing

gown with her hair in a plait last night.

~~Miles Potter greeted olly jevons:~~

"hail sweet arinthia!"

And she to him (raising her eyes)

"My liege, my lord!"

It was enough. Enough, enough sa repea ed.
All else
~~xxxxxxxxx~~ else was verbiage, repetition.

The beldame meanwhile, because that was enough, sank

back in her chair, the beads ddangling from her finger

"Look to the beldame there--old lsbeth s sick..."

They ran to her.

~~She's~~ dead, Sirs, —

Peace let her pass...."

The crowd fell ~~3~~ hush art. It was the presence of death.

"peace let her pass...."

That was the fourt h emotion....death. You plaited

them like thxx a horses tail on a fair day;

love hate; fear; sorrow. Four emotions made the ply

of man's life.

Now the old Count whose cottonwool moustache confused

his utterance pronounced benediction.

For the dead, peace; for the lovers, bliss. -

May the Heavens rain v blessings....Let music sound,

and the free airs of Heaven waft them to their couch."

The gramophone struck up.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoderick,

Armed and valiant,

Firm elatant

See the warrior... &c &c

Graat Eliza dismoutning from the soap box upon which

she stood led the procession. Dukes shepherds,

beldames; serving men followed behind;

and the Elizabethan age, played round by Albert the

idiot, mrached off the scene.

The little girl, Joyce, was left addressing the

assemvled company in a fewwords which could hardly

be heard. For though they summed up the moment of

time which the pageant had reached and thanked

gentles and simples for le ding their ears they

were in fact nothing but a signal that the company

should disperse. Teaw as served in the barn.

The dispersal.

There was a respite before continuing the pageant.
The man under the monkey puz zle and ᶜiles both took
lines of their own. ~~B~~at Mrs ᴾarker was already greeting
fr in s; ~~"Thamxxxx~~ primed with her comment..
"The idot oh the it might have been so uncomfrtable..
~~Isa repeated Oh ᶜarintnhia, oh...~~"
Mrs ₛiwthin had aremark to pass to her brother.
something inconsecutive and framneray about
fools; laughter; their cruelty; and ou own...
Isa, was very near tears. The separateness; the infim
littleness of small objects; the distinctions l₃r ady
mave; some --the family--going to tea in the house-
the others, the public, going to the ᴮa rn...
Must it break? and could it never reach the
tramps boot, or the mud crusted pebble---?
On the shore there were all these dried trifles;
and ut there, where they had been acting love;
hate; fear; sorrow; ~~wasxxxxxx~~ were deep. enveloping.
Already down in the dingle where the bushes pr
ovided natural dressing rooms, the spangles and the
coloured dish cloths were being taken off.
She had been using unsatisfactory material, s ᴹiss ₗa
ᵀrobe reflected. What she had grasped at,

The Dispersal.

Armed against fate the valiant Rhoederick...

the gramophone concealed in the bush strummed pompusly;

Armed and valiant,

Bold and blatant...

Dispersed are we.

Mrs Manresa hummed :

Nobly, boldly,

fearing no one, (she pushed deck chairs out of her way) ~~Follow me~~. Youths and striplings, (she glanced behind her; but Giles had his back turned)

follow me.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~xxx Follow, follow, ~~all else hollow;~~

Oh Mrs Parker, how d'e do? — I'm so ~~Maybrick!~~ ~~Take my breath~~ come to tea? (Exit the fool-ish-) ape.

The fool? Poor fellow!

~~Dispersed~~

Dispersed are we.

Isabella came behind her; humming,

All is over; ~~nothings left~~. The wave has brokne.

Left the pebble, left the boot,

On ~~the~~ rim, single; separate; ~~on the~~ beach a fly.

The joined emotion; love; fear; hate; with sorrow

plaited, the fourfold ply;—

broken; over; ~~Finished~~ Must I follow

Bold Manresa to have tea?

Dispersed are we.

Giles muttered: Absolved, free ~~are~~ we? From the in
tolerable, repulsive proponquity of the womans flesh
free ~~are~~ we. Chained to the hard chair; in the bright
glare; at last relingelased. But free? To go where?
Now where. Anywhere. To kick a stone; alone. down the
lonley road that leads to the churchya where the
coward...I, I, I, ~~at~~ whom the fhand points its
skeleton finger.

Dispersed are we.

Mrs within chirruped: Bart, dear ' she put her arm
on his' didnt you see, how the scene glittered, like
~~a drop on the~~ reed, by the river, when we were children
d'you remember? catching tha trout? ~~And~~ the hook I
pulled out? The play made me see ...

Dispsered are we

Bart banteered her: For us my old indy
alls over; the play done. And the glare and the stare
and the beat of ~~the~~ tomtoms; and the red with the
paper rolled round the pbble. You know that old story?
The told story...

Dispersed are we.

William odge follwed them. At a distance. Arent I
in the way, I'm asked to stay? I the evesdrop er,
taker of notes for the book, keep up to date;

Giles muttered: Absolved, free ~~are~~ we? From the in
tolerable, repulsive proponquity of the womans flesh
free ~~are~~ we. Chained to the hard chair; in the bright
glare; at last relingelased. But free? To go where?
Now where. Anywhere. To kick a stone; alone. down the
lonley road that leads to the churchya where the
coward...I, I, I, ~~at~~ whom the fhand points its
skeleton finger.

Dispersed are we.

Mrs within chirruped: Bart, dear she put her arm
on his didnt you see, how the scene glittered, like
~~a drop on the reed~~, by the river, when we were children
d'you remember? catching that trout? And the hook I
pulled out? The play made me see ...

Dispsered are we

Bart banteered her: For us my old indy
alls over; the play done. And the glare and the stare
and the beat of ~~the~~ tomtoms; and the red with the
paper rolled round the pbble. You know that old story?
The told story...

Dispersed are we.

William odge follwed them. At a distance. Arent I
in the way. I'm asked to stay? I the evesdrop er,
taker of notes for the book, keep up to date;

of attitudes; figures; aht man; then the tree.
Am I to fol ow; or ~~get the car? And tea?~~ go indoors

Dispersed are we.

Here the man whosat under the Monkey Puzzle rose:

What was in her mind? What idea lay behind?

that made her imbue the antique with this glamour;
what to what, why -

and se t 'em climbing, climbing, climbing up the tree?

Dispersed are we.

Miss "a Trobe drew out from her shelter, behind the tree. ~~They were going--dispersing~~. All the lawns were spotted with the backs of the retreating company.

Firm, elatant,

Bold and blatant... Dispersed are we-

Here the ma~~rkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk~~xx tune gave out. And the machine went Chuff chuff chuff , chuff chuff chuff, ~~mmmmmmmm~~xxlike a corncutter on a hot evening; or someone marking time.

Ah, but, said "iss a Trobe defying time, didnt I make em all look the ame way ofr thirtyfive minutes,

She saw not the retreating backs but the most splendid dsight that human eyes can behold; faces upon which I, with nothing but sixpenny br~~o~~shes and dish cloths to help me imprinted my ~~idea.~~ ....

The machine stopped. The breeze as once more audible, rustlijg among the leaves.

Dispersed are we. It sounded like the sea
deflated beg-

Cxxxxxxx of course disil usionment followed d rectly upon the xxxx glory of creation.
And the one man to save her from it was Giles;
Blue eyes, straight nose; firm chin; the physical sttributes of the savi ur were his. But he had turned.
And she too turned, to the dingle which formed a natural dressing room. xxxxxxxxxx The spangles and the dish cloths were being thrown on the bushes; and the butterflies were feasting upon that innutricious splendour.

xxxxx Dispersed are we

Giles took one of those short cuts to the Barn that only natives know. There was a path that led across the fields, ~~He found~~ a stone and kicked it.
It was a flinty yellow stone, sharp-edged, as if cut by a savage for an arrow head. The rules of the game of ~~s~~stone-kicking re quire that the same stone shall be kicked to a given goal. sometimes a gate; or a prominnt clump of grass. This time the gxxxx goal gaol was a gate to be reaced in ten kicks; and the stone was Manresa (lust) also Dodge (pervers on) also himself (coward). He kicked; once, twice , thrice ...he reached the gate in nine. There couched in th grass curled olive green was a snake; Dead?
No; half choked w th a toad in its mouth. The legs dangled still twitching outside. The body was swallowed
The snake was gl ating, glutted. He touched it.

A spasm made the ribs contract and crsuh; blood
ooozed from the taod. Then the snake lay tranced
Give death to like:
the snake unable to swallow; the toad unable to die.
So he brought his foot down on the snakes
head and crushed them both. He was wearing tennis
shoes. The msass crushed and slithered. B[redacted]
[redacted] But it left his rubber
soles sticky. But it was action--action relieved him,

A pr white canvas

The Barn The
The barn was empty.

This noble building which reminded archeologists of
Greek temples, and ha been lectured on, by the learned English por
professors [redacted] wished wishing to remind the
present generation of their past, and to prove that the
middle age were far more pure, poetical, jocund and virtuous
had been than.
than the presnet; the eighteenth century had said this
of the fifteenth; the ninetenth of the eighteenth, —
and now in July 1938, the current lecturer
held that the hub of civilisation happiness purity
and poetry had been reached about 1820--- every century was
agrred that the age was about one hundred years ago--
this noble building stood empty as usual. It was
decorated with festoons of coloured paper , and
a long table rea hed across one end.
upo which was an urn, plates and cups, cakes and bread
and butter. It looked like a dray horse decorated with a
daisy chain. A shaft of light like a yellow banner
sleoped from the the window to the floor.

Although it had been built over seven hundred years ago, nobody in all that time had ever seen it save as something that was like something else. Th thing it was like --a dray horse or a yellow banner-- was always chosen from the human stock. Yet ikmmaxx though empty of human beings-- the servants were all at the pageant-- it was full of mice-- they slid in and out; sat upright nibbling. Sparrows and swallows also nested there. They were busy with straw in their beaks. Moths slept on the rafters. Countless beetles, insects of various sxkxx sorts burrowed in the old wood. A lost bitch now and then made the dark corner where the sacks stood a lying in ground for her puppies. All these eyes with their different focuses, some many paned to absord sunlight, others sxxx adapted to expand only in moonlight or darkness, had seen it; and now saw it from their different angles and edges. A blue bottle had settled on the cake. and stabbed its yellow rock with its short drill. A Red Admiral butterfly was busy at the same task. Whether the slow opening and shutting of its wings denoted ecsatcy, or was an action as unconscious as the leafs tap as the breeze lifted it, whether again the ivy had some sensation in its green fibre as it rose and fell---nobody knew; no body that is whose body walked up right on two legs; whose legs were covered according to sex by trousers or skirt.

It had always been understood at Pointz Hall-- save for some random remarks of a vaguely speculative kind of Mrs Swithin's-- that the centre of the world was

Pointz Hall, whether in the library, the drawing room, the kitchen or the stables. It mattered not which

Mrs Sands for instance though she had been in and out of the Barn any time of the day for fifteen years past had never seen a butterfly, not to name it. As for mice, they were vermin who left black pellets in the kitchen draw. A moth she would bundle up i her hands and put out of the window. A bitch having a puppy suggested censorious thoughts of servant girls misbehaving with farm hands. On the otherhand a cat, not necessarily a kitchen cat--a tsray cat, a cat with a patch of mange on its rump-- opened the flood gates of her heart. It was more to her than a child.

But there was no cat in the barn; and even a cat would have made no impression upon the agitation she was in, to get to the Barn, before the people, came and be found where her place was, at the table, behind the urn.

Fol owing her in a scud came all the servants, and the helpers--David, John, Irene, Lois &c. Water boiled; steam issued; cake was sliced. The butterfly rose; and the blue bottle.

" This fine old barn... " said Mrs Manresa stopping in the door way. It was not for her to press ahead of the villagers. It was for her to be moved by the beauty of the barn; to stand still; then to draw aside tolet the people behind come in.

"We have one, much like it, at Tarting" said Mrs Parker, stopping, for the same reasons. "Perhaps not quite so large."

The villagers hung back.

then dribbled on.

"And the decorations..." said Mrs manresa, looing round for someone to congratulate. Mrs Swithin was coming in. nor at the decorations; at the birds She was gazing up too; ~~at the birds~~; swallows were flitting from corner to corner.

"They come every year" she said." The same birds." and humorously her Mrs anresa smiled benvolently; It seemed ~~to her~~ most unlikely. But it was the thing - admiring birds.

"I suppose the decorations are left over from the coronation" said Mrs Parker." We kept ours too. We built a village hall."

Mrs manresa laughed too loud. An anecdote was on the tip of her tongue;about a public lavatory built to celebrate the same occasion; how the Mayor.... But the old lady, gazing at the swallows, looked refined. "R~~efxxx~~ ~~Reffened~~" "Refeened"---Mrs manresa qualified the word thus to her own advantage, and was pleasantly reminded of the wild child she was; whose nature spanned so braod a compass; could comprehedn the old womans' refeenment; also the boys fun ---whwre was that nice fellow, Giles?--- She could not see him. The villagers hung back.

Well I'm dying for ~~my~~ tea!" Mrs manresa said in a public her way; and strode forward ~~She~~ held out a thick china mug, which Mrs sands, giving natural precedence to one of the house party, filled at once. David gave her cake. She was the first to drink; the first to bite. It was all nonsense about democracy, she concluded. So did Mrs arker. The people looked to them. They led; the rest followed. "What delicious tea!" each exclaimed, disgusting though it wa

was, and the cake fly blown. At home they only drank China.

"They come every yearx" said Mrs Swithin, ignoring the fact that she was speaking to no one; "From Africa."

The barn filled ~~and filled~~. China clattered; voices chattered Isa pressed her way to the table.

Firm elatant, bold and blatant, she murmured, Dispersed are we. Let me turn awaym from the array (she looked absolutely round her) of china faces glazed and hard, Down the ride, that leads under the nut tree, the may tree, away and away, tillI come to the wishing well, where the washerwoman's little boy (dropped a pin;) (she dropped sugar , two lumps, into her tea) dropped a pin;

He got his horse, so they say. But what wish would I drop into the well? " She lookedround. She could not see Rupert Caines; or anyone known to her. "That the waters shoud cover me of the wishing well."

The noise of china and voices drwoned her mumur.

"Sugar for you? and a spot of milk? And you Only tea, without milk or sugar? Thats the way I like it. A bit too strong? Let me add water. "Thats what I wished, when I dropped my pin Water, water. »...I must say its brave of the King and Queen. Theyre said to be going to India. She looks sucha dear and some one I know said his hair...«

"There would the dead leaf fall, when the leaves fall, on the water. Should I mind, not again to see, May tree or nut tree? Not again to hear on the trembling spray the thuesh sing, or to see, dipping and diving as if he skimmed waves in ths air, the ywllow woodpecker?

She was looking at the canary yellow festoons swaying ~~in the light brreeze.~~

"I thought they said Canada, not India. D'you believe what the papers say? For instance about the Duke of Windsor. He landed on the South coast. Queen Mary met him. She'd been buying furniture. Thats a fact. And the papers say she met him.... "Alone under the tree the withered tree that keeps all day mur uring of the sea, and hears the rider gallop.....

She looked up. There was William Dodge sm ling at her.

"Songs my uncle taught me?" he said.

They were conspirators; leaguged together aginst tye general company.

"The effect of the play" she s id. "The play running in my head like a tune."

He saw her lips move. He wished to say, feeling that they were conspiraors, Come along... show me the stables, the hot house, ~~the~~ S me the vine.... He wanted to see her with her glass green eyes and thick body--the ~~head~~ was neck was almost as broad as th head--- against a an arum lily, or a eucalytus tree, or a vine. On the wy they would talk; they would forage directly, vigorously without made up pharses for the feeling she had and he had; how the play, primitive, botched up as it was, made them — he could think only of a phrase that no one had ever used naturally; "in tune with the universe"; a phrase that he and she walking along a gravel path could have smelted

into small real words; "Robbed of identification marks";
the play, he mant, had acted as a solvent; as a "disintegratn
of personality"; but it was futile, phrase maiing in the dark
of his own mind. He said loud,
laying his ahdns on the first words that came more or
less handy to hers,
"As a play it was
nt a success; but as a..."
And then as he fumbled, he saw her eyes change; as is
aif she had to get out of one dress, and pyt on nother.
The small boy battling his way through the crowd
striking out with his arms aginst sjirts and trousers--
he was so small that he could only reach to the knee--
came towards her.
He saew her; he made a bee line for her.
It was her little boy apprently. Taking him under her care,
and giving him a cup of milk, she was lost to him, as a
conrpiraor. Two sevonds later however the nurse maid
came up; and then he saw her put on another dress, this time
he felt something in the nature of a strait waistcoat.
The beautiful young man in blue ja ket and brass buttons,
who was her husband, was standing rather solitray, scowling.
And she, his wife, was looking him up and down. Their relatin
Dodge felt, were as people said in novels, "strained."
But for him there was something so exciting in male beauty
hen it was muscular, hirsute, virile, that he forgot
his desire to see her against a fan of green vine leaf
with a urple bunch pendant. It ift him, to his

momentary regret. They could have discussed the play, up and down the garden in and out of hothouses, without any distraction; for he felt herbody only as a picture; and he knew she knew it; ~~they could have discussed the play~~ and then he could have seen her purely, ~~as a painter sees~~ a body; ~~either against a euclytputs tee;~~ or against the angle of the glass house; but now the male, whatever his name was, with his scowl, his handsome ness, his viritlity plunged him into turbulent emotions in which he intellect had np part.

Mrs Manresa, having gulped one cup of disguting India tea, put it down and turned. She was anxious to rid herself of Mrs Parker. Her own sex bored her xxxxxx horribly; especially ~~if they were~~ her own sex of her own class. She had no objection to the class below; cooks, shopkeers, farmers wives, cottage women she liked; and with them she was highly popular ~~too~~.

" Well, Mrs Moore--and what did you think of it?" She hailed her keepers wife. Wasnt it a pretty sight? And you brought baby... Did he enjoy himself?"

Here she pinched baby " I thought the clothes perfectly beautiful... as good as any sh Ive seen in London. We must n be out done must we. We'll have one of our own at C histmas. In our barn. And we'll show em how to make cakes... (she winked oblieuely at the table; all had been bought from the local shop; not made at home.)

This alluded to her cake making competition; she had intodo duced the art of piping cakes into her village; also the art of making frivolous things like coloured baskets, mats; toys; from materials she brought down from London. The poor she said, werent always ill; as the other ladies insisted; or b rying relations. They wanted pretty things as much as anyone. And they shared hertastes... Cracking her jokes, she turned, saw Giles, and swept him in. But what had he done with his shoes? Some submerged sensation was liberated in her by the smear of blood on the canvas; why ~~she didnt know~~; ~~but~~ she felt warmed, ~~stimulated flatterd~~; A pleasing ~~vague~~ sense that somehow he h proved his valour, for her admirat Vague as tit was, it was also sweet. Taking him on,

for they must do their duty, which was also a pleasure, now that they shared it, she made him the audience for her breezy chaff.

Mrs Neale she said, addressing the postmistress, ~~tell us~~ hows your uncle? (This was a stock joke. Mrs Neales Uncle had died of the hiccoughs.) Mrs Neale she exlained to Giles, runs our post office. She can do sums in her head. Twenty five penny half penny stamps; two packets of stamped nevelopes; a dozen post cards--how much does that come to, Mrs Neale? And her uncle...." Mrs Neale laughed. Mrs Manresa laughed.

So she drew him down the line, in and out; from one to another. Some he knew; some she knew; there were the cricketers, the footballers, the young men who trapped rabbits; the old shepherd; the retired postman; the chicken far r; the man with a bad leg.." But we're not going to take that as an excuse..." She would have none of their lugubrious illnsees. Evryone was a thorough good sort; had money in the savings bank; didnt she know it? She was their pal; though as she knew they regarded thin talk Manresa her hsnad, in perfect riding breeches talking to the Parson with sus cion. It was partly his clothes. But the wild child they felt one of themsleves; coming down from town, with a boxfull of goodies; and a boy or two to keep her company.

This incident, as he called it, seemed to Owen Nelkin --the name of the solitary man who had only to look at a monkey puzzle to see the human race engaged in the perpetual pursuit of nothing at all—disgusting. He noted her blandishments; his surly, scxmxmx scowl. But why apply the violent term 'disgusting' to the dispassionate statemnts of the unillusioned intellect? That instrumtn, applying itslf to the incident-- Giles and manresa hobnobbing with the postmistress &c-- revealed the automatic action, say of blue bottles on a plum cake. Terms we like 'disgusting' were uncalled for. There was nothing ocsure in the processes revealed by the slicing of the brain. He had seen through men of action from about the age of seventeen, when as a midship man --such had been his first profession-- he had been ~~herded up put throug his pace~~s by that hysterical, superstitous, trembling like aspens ~~in the wind~~ at the breath f nay freedom of thought bunch of ~~vindictive timid~~ old women ~~called naval of~~ficers. But again why apply heated tersm to insects impelled autmotaically togo through certain gestures? As for the ~~manresa~~, the female counte part of the man of action; he knew them; the manresa; w bubbling cauldrons of impure em tion; but again why apply , Jc &c... Why...here he jerked round and cast his unimpiassoned intllect upon Isa, --a woman with a child. Off came her surface, and under it was the lioness with the cub; greed; unscurpul us maternal

greed. And the admirable gentleman in a blcak coat there (this was addressed to the ev. J.W. Streatfield) whphad verfied each branch of the mon ey puzzle tree and swore there was a bag of nuts on top, — the inteelct was scarcely needed to slice off the st stuffing that made his waistocat portly. Whereupon, as if seeking a portion of his own anatomy that fate had denied him, he looked at his feet; and grounded all further observations upon himself. Why, he had often asked himself, at various stages of a varied and adven urous career---mini g, company promoting, prospecting in ava, eru and araguay-- why did not this automatical driven detached spectator automatically at ach a noose to his neck or a stone to his feet and seek the oblivion which is accorded to bones at the bottom of a horse pond? As long as questions are asked, the horse pond ends something; something is better than nothing. as that the asnwer? e glanced at his watch automatically. Automatically he noted two hours before seven; tbirty; two hours before watering his plants.

Why water your plants? And to that why, intellect always wriggled; as if a worm, not to attach too strong a name to an involuntary desire to save flowers from dying, moved even in him; e stayed on, noting that the human body perptually oozing at various orifices smells; when thosebodies are confibed in an enclosed pace the smell.... he raised his head the better to appreicate (if that word is not too strong) the ddour that now f illed the barn.

They had almost done their round of the barn--Giles and manresa. Here was old Pusent castle, who hadtaught him to throw a line; a fish on a line meant much the same to both of them. Foxes were identical to them; also jays and magpies. All the same Pusent castle stayed on th farm; he, Giles went to the city. All the same, by the time they had made their round, he felt she was a good sort in her way, the manresa. He was less of an audience more of an actor, with her, ~~going round~~; going round

"Swallows...." said Lucy, looking at the birds Excited by the company they were flitting from corner to conrer. There were pockets of dry earth in the rafters. The birds w however seemed unable to settle in them. ~~Mmmmmmmmmm~~ Lucy and Bartholomew were seated, they had Mrs Sands had sent them tea; Lois had reserved two Windsor chairs for them. Yes yes, theyre for you; It would have caused more bother than it was worth to upset what Mrs sands david and Lois thought fitting.

"That come before the swallow dares...." Lucy mu ured. watching the birds. All across Africa, across the deser across France they had come to nest here.

Year after year they came; before there was a channel; had been here when the earth on which her Windsor chair was planted was a riot of rhododendrons; and humming b birds quivered ~~at~~ in the hollow of the red trumpet; and ~~the~~ mammoth, as she had been reading that morning in bed....

"Come before the swallows...." her btother

repeated; then broke off; half rose... for he was i- Mrs Manresa observed

But Mrs manresa wou absolutely refused to take his chair,

"Go on sitting, go on sitting....she pressed him down by a.

Ill squat on the floor." The Sopranos: But giles remained standing.

"And what did you think of the play.... ~~I suppose she~~

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

He remained where.

Well, Bartholomew looked at his son. "They looked very

nice. Upon my soul, I didnt recongise oyce... "

"And you Mrs swithin?" said rs manresa indulging the old

(ady.

"I missed the prologeue said ucy.

I was hoping you d tell me--- Mrs manresa went on;

you whove read so much ~~more than I have~~-- was the play

taken from a real play--an old play?"

Bartholomew looked across sea. He was not yet able.

robably she put snatches together" said artholomew. Lucky as he was.

They say there are only seven plots, dont they?

A banished Duke; a rightful heir--thats one of 'em."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Ah!

"Look!" Lucy exclaimed.

"The birds?" said rs manrssa looking up, in order to indul

the old lady again. The saw a bird with a straw in its beak.

But Giles looked down. Mrs within laughed, naturally. The

bird

e had dropped his straw.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~" ~~She mocked his man of action shoes.~~

Giles

e turned . She was mocking at him as usual.

Going?

Leaving us?" said artholomew. Time for the next act?

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

He wished Giles would stay. But he knew more or less why he wouldnt. He heaved himself up. Quite regardless of Mrs manres and of Lucy he strolled off.

"Swallow, my sister, oh sister swallow" he muttered, feeling for his cigarette case.

This complete indifference to her charms nettled Mrs anresa. Why had she squatted on the floor then? Were her charms fading? But, woman of action as she was, ~~now that she was~~ deserted by the male sex she was not going suffer tortures of boredom from the 'refeened' old lady. She too scrambled up, put her hands to her hair, as if it were high time she went too; though it was nothing of the kind.

The fact that Isa's husband (christian name unkown) came towards them shouldering his way --~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ as William called it; app ying instinctively the romantic word shoulder~~ing~~--~~the word~~ that was used of whales shouldering the sea, of clouds shouldering the sky, to the big strong Englishman-- ~~xxxx~~ the fact that he came toards them, was registered by William Dodges left hand (the fingers closed) though his face remained non committal. He came, at lawt he came. He was discussing the play with Mrs Parker. Isa stood silent cup in hand beside them. Mrs Parker was explaining, as she could to her own sort, though in lowered tones so as not to be heard by the rest, how uncomfortable the vil age idiot made her feel.

"Its all in the tradition" said "illiam.

fidgetting as he felt the man ~~approaching~~

whom he admired; ~~whose~~ the man who would despise him
appraoch. Isa too watched. He had been faithless to her
before now; Given a chance, Manresa would develop into anothe
of those "passing affairs that make no difference to what
I feel for you." He had to have his toy; but it would be a
very diferent story if she took Rupert Haines for her
teddy bear. She could see him, over in the croner,
the queer man with the inappropriate wife.

"But surely" said Mrs Parker, turning to welcome Giles
who got more like his mother ~~in every way~~ a great
tragedy, her death in India from typhoid when Giles was
a baby--- every day." "But surely " we're more civilised
now. Again she said how uncomfortable the
village idiot had made her feel.

"Are we ?" said Giles. He looked , once, at William.
It was a piece of luck that William was there to serve as
scapegoat. Withot knowing his name or anything about him
he knew all that mattered; he knew what his left hand was
doing. He could despise him instead of himself, the coward.
Also he could despise Mrs parker; 'one of our local busybodie
but he could not despise his wife. She had not spoken to him.

"Surely" said Mrs Parker remembering the nasty feeling,
as if she had crunched a snail in her salad, and pleased
at this proof of her sensibility. "Surely we are."

Giles then did the usual trick; shut his lips; frowned;
took yp the pose of one who bears the burden. He had been
in the city all the week making money; on the Stock Exchange.
"No, I dont admire you " Isa said as plainly as a

glance fixed stubborn;y to the left of her could say.

"Silly little boy--with blood on his shoes."

Whom did she admire then? Not Dodge. Giles could take that for granted. He looked him up and down, and then looked away. They had often bickered, he and Isa, over this that and the other; but only by way of a joke. She had the children; naturally he wanted amusement. The ~~Mr~~ Manners ~~enresa--~~ he looked round; but there was the Rector, Stretfield, laden with tea cups.

Both his hands were full.

"I shake hands with my heart" he exclaimed, nodding his handsome weather beaten head as he deposited his burden on the table. ~~safely~~.

Mrs Parker took the tribute entirely to herself, for the others were for the moment unable to play their parts in climbing the particualr branch of the moneky puzzle tree ~~on~~ to which the good man was clinging; "Mr Steatfield!" she exclamed "Doing all the work. You make me ashamed, standing here gossiping."

"Like the see the greenhouse?" said Isa suddenly turning to William Dodge.

That was precisely what William had wanted, until Giles joined them and confused him. Now there was nothing for it but to follow the woman. Her husband had no intention of coming too.

The Greenhouse

The path was narrow; she h d to go firt. And she was braod; she fairly filled the path. swaying slightly as she walked, and plucking a leaf here and there.

~~She was humming.~~

Fly then, follow, she hummed

The dappled herds in the cedar grove

Who, sporting play,

The red with the Roe,

The stag with the doe,

Fly--away.

I grieving stay. Alone I linger,

I pluck the bitter herb by the ruined wall

The churchyard wall, and press its sour, its sweet, its sour

Long grey leaf , so,

Twixt thumb and finger....

She threw a ay the shred of Old mans beard that she had picked in passing and kicked open the green house door.

Dodge, looking at the green dome, the fig tree, and the blue hydrangea that grew to the right had ~~lagged.~~ lain.

"She spake, I sa mumured, waitinfg for him to ~~enter~~ come,

And from her shosoms snowy antre drew

The gleami ng blade...

Plunge blade! she said,

And struck.

Faithfless! she cried, Knife too!

It broke.

So too my heart,

She said.

He quickened his pace. She was laughing as she stood holding the door ope for him. Then she sat down on a plank under the vine. The little grapes were still buds; the leaves thin and yellow as the web between a birds claws-- the exact pharse for the texture and colour escaped him.

"I wish tunes didnt run in one's head" she said.

"Still the play?" he asked.

She nodded. Then she said:

"You admire my husband ve y much. I suppose you think I dont."

It was the usual fate of the eunuch. Women knew they had nothing to hope; nothing to fear; at first they resented serving as lay figures--staues in greenhouses. Then they liked it. They said whatever came into their head, as she had. priest They made him [their confidante: because he was priest-less.

I admire him very much. " he said. Of course she had guessed his scret; as they always did even the stouid ones.

"Youre not very happy are you ?" she asked.

"Who is, ~~at our age;~~ in our generation?"

"Its odd how easy it is for us to talk, though" she commented. "Perhaps because we've never met before; and never shallagain".

"The doom of sudden death hanging over us" he said. "Theres no retreating and advancing, — " he thought of the old lday showing him the house" — Nothing grdual, as for them. I mean the old. I envy them."

He cleare a space on the plank opposite and s t down

among the red pots, in each of which was a a green leaf.

"If you dont love your husband; who do you?" he asked.

"His name's Haines; he's married to a dull woman in a coat and skirt; ...Its not true you know that a woman only needs her children."

"Was that your little boy? " he asked, seeing the child battling through the crowd again.

"I have a daughter in the cradle too" she said.

"How did you come to know that woman, the anresa?"

"Like other ladies of her age, she needs a young man about the house"

And...my wife, as youve guessed, doesnt find me ~~satisfactory~~."

"So youre married are you? And an artist. But what d'you do?"

"Clerk in a Goevrment Office" he aid.

"Clerk in a government office " she picked a leaf from a scented genraium" theres something for you to smell, Mr...

"William" he said, taking the furry leaf and pressing it between thumb and finger.

"I'm Isa" she replied.

They had left the greenhouse door open; and now music came through it.

A. B. C. , A B C, A B C .... someone was practising sacles.

scales. C A T CA T Cat, they struck a chird. The spanish letters made the word. Then other words were added.

It was a simple tune, like a mursery rhyme--

The king was in his counting house,

Counting out his money

The Queen was in the parlour,

atin bread and honey.... They sewed muddles; created.

It seemed detached like a peach hanging against the wall. Temple : salvation Jehovah

"They say we dont respect anything--thats why we re not happy" said sa.

"Bosh " he said. ~~Whatsmatterwithmefnamixthemixing themmixwrongmix~~ ~~Who's put ideas int your head?"~~

Who's vever "been happy" ~~Whats happoness?"~~

The Atneians in the age of ricles? The English in the time of Shakespeare. The rench in the time of Louis the 14th. ~~Marie Antoinette~~

"Pinsents happy" said Isa. Mrs Swithins happy. Old atholomew in his way. So am I, when I hear a robe practsiing the harmoim." her scales

ABC ABC ABC Cat a T cat.

And the Parsons and the anra harming cake in the barn" he asid. "Thats not happiness. Thats unconsciousness." not happiness

"Youre by way of being clever" she said.

I'm not. I'm aslepp half the time. Or eating. r lying in a hot bath. Or sitting in a cornfield eating a fig.

Or ringing up; Mr Baines, whats the price of salmon, middle cut?"

What is the price of salmon middle cut?" he asked.

Tell me" she asked, what made her come here?

~~Sheeeeeeeeeeee~~ And they talked, & laughed & sorrowed

And he told her thw whole story; just as if this world were the only world; there awas nothing else in the whole wolrd but the greenhouse, herself sitting on one plank; and himself opposite among thepots; while from the grove came sounds of Miss "a Trobe or whoever it was, ~~pl~~ practising the ~~harmonium~~ scales

~~harmonium.~~

5th Feb 1939

The Lilacs
No Bees.
Swallows zig zagging
The lawn. Cuckoo. The
Dogs other town tells. Mr Rows
Mr Haptimian Births Starts works
Lawn mistook. Manera—
The rooks heroes
a month.

Trees bare
They protest no.

Swallows crash the grey sky with the great returning
No sense of
Responsibility
Psyche analyze

"Mon tem erament

NYPL

Between the acts. Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

Pp.147-159. Page 147 dated Feb. 27 [1939]

Together with pp.154-156 in another draft but possibly belonging to the period.

Feb. 27th

Listening to it, coming in at the open greenhouse door,
mixing with the smell of geraimum, the baked eartheware of
flower pots, they talked; they laughed; they gossiped;
in words of one syllable too, as if they had been saying,
The king is in his counting house, couting out his money---
The Queen was in her parlour
eating bread and honey....
and there was nothing else in the whole world,
but the greenhouse; herself sitting on one plank;
him ~~opposite~~ on another; while from the grove came sounds of
Miss La Trobe, or whoever it was, practising her scales.

The Library.

Oh sister swallow, oh swallow sister,
how can thy heart be full of the spring?---"
Batholomew muttered going into the library. How can my heart
be full of the spring, he repeated, standing in front of the
books. Books, the treasured lifeblood of an immortal
spirit, poets; the lawgivers of mankind &c &c....
Doubtless true observations made by wise men; though
imperfectly recollected. In those canisters was more force
than gunpowder; redder blood than the brashy water
that produced so many disagreeably imperfect complexions;
a spirit more quicker more bolder than the spirit that shuffled
so many trudgers round and round the Barn. Only his son,
Giles, was unhappy; and to him that mattered more than the

than the lifeblood of immortal spirits, (distilles and
concentrated; dry as gunpowder, and melodious ~~as~~ groves
of nightingales singing with their breasts to thorns.
How can my heart be full of the spring, he repeated, how can
my heart, how can my heart...He puffed at his cheroot.
Condemned in life8s ~~exxxxxxxx~~ infernal mine,
to drudge the whole year round; condemned in solitude to
pine; to feel the pnag; to hear the sob;
to dread the day...Condemned in lifes infernal
grind to tread the pilgrims, or stockbrokers way;
he muttered, standing arms ak mbo in front of his well stocked
country gentlemans, partly inherited, partly bought by himself
miscellaneous but on the whole representative ~~library~~. Every
book piped away by itself. Cavour; Garibaldi; Wellington;
Life of ladstone; the whoe series of rrigation Offivers
eports; Instructions for the Supression of Rinderpest;
Mauurays istory of the Punjaub; e cellent but now out of
date; Cecil Smith on Some probelms of indian Currency;
also rian herberts massive work on the Horse; and the man
who codified the aws. A great harvest the mind had reaped;
he meditated; with the Barn still in his eyes,
and the smell of the barn, half old sacks and straw,
half human effluvia in his nose. Displeasing to him,
what must it be , he suddenly reflected, to the indi
infinintely greater sensibility of his dog? (Sultan had
followed him) But for all this, compared with his son,
he did not care one straw. Giles was out of sorts; suffering;

exactly why he did not know; but roughly from the notion that whreas others fought, he totted up figures.

So whats the use, oh sister swallow, my sister swallow
of singing your song? of immortal lifeblood, poets laying down
the law, when all the time, condemned in life's infernal
mine, dark, dark, all dark, (he pressed his hand to his
waistcoat) the rat gnaws....

He sank down in his chair. To be, or not to be, that was
question, question,
Giles's problem; a difficult problem, for him, as well as
for Giles; the folly of being, was no less obvious
to both of them in this age, than the folly of not being.
But surveying the barn with the eye of memory,
he remebered; Manresa was in tow. Merciful Manresa---
admirable woman! He reflected, with a grin, heroics
are out of place when the harvest of the mind is
reaped, the treasured lifeblood of immortal spirits is
distilled, not let us remember, by the brain, only;
but by something that has for its companion both on the
immortal luarel, and in the actual mine, this very queer
brute---he looked down (his head sunk on his chin)
at the faithful body. There he was couched like a familiar
spirit, the flanks sucked in and out, the long nose resting
on the paws, a flick of foam on the nostrils---the dog.

The ~~women~~ body, Manresa, had her charms; he could feel them himself even at his age. Manresa was a debauchee wife.

The door half opened. Muttered & stood the Tha was Lucy's way of coming in as if she were coming into a room for the first time, and did not know what she would find there. She found her ~~xxxx~~ borther there. A pleasant surprise. And that was his dog--- really, it seemed as if she saw them b th for the first time. It was possibly because she had no body.

Her mind up in the ~~xixx~~ clouds like an airball, touched ground now and then, with a shock of surprise. There was nothing in her to weight a man, like Giles, to the earth.

She perched on the edge of a chai . ~~She was~~ As if she was like a bird settling on a telegraph pole before starting for Africa.

"Swallow oh sister, oh sister swallow" he murmured.

From the gaeden--the window as open-- came the sound of someone practising. ABC ABC ABC ABC. Then the separate letters formed one word. Dog; and then a phr ase, a tune. ~~It~~ was a simple tune.

Hark hark the dogs do bark

The beggars are coming to town..And then it coiled itself out, lengthetned, swayed became a dance; a waltz. Owing to the power of rhtyhm every flower and bird and the trees tossing their branches were at once caught up, as if they had been called out of their private lives, their separate avocations, and made to take part.

The lamp of love burns high over the dark cedar grove,
The lamp of love shines clear, clear as a star in the sky

(old Bartholomew tapped his finger on his knee)

Leave your casement and come, lady, lady I love till

I die....

He looked sardonically at Lucy, perched on the arm of the chair, fingering her gold cross. He never understood how she ahd borne children.

For all are dancing, retreating and advancing, the moth, and the dragon fly.

He supposed from her expression that she was thinking,

God is peace; God is love; In your will is our freedom. She belonged to the sect of unifiers; he to the separatists; he liked variety. The tune with its feet always on the same spot, alw soon became sugary, insipid. seemed to be bored by this perpetual invocation to perpetual adoration. Had it-- he was ignorant of musical tersm--gone into the minor key? For this day and this dance, and this merry merry may" the waltz was insisting, by way of shading the melody, Will be over.

With the cutting of the clover this retreating and advancing --the swifts certainly seemed to have got out of hand, shooting out of their orbits--

will be over over over.

And the ice will dart its splinter, and the winter

Oh the winter, will fill the grate with ashes,

And there'll be no glo , no glow on the log.

He knocked the ash off his cherrot; and stirred.

"So we must" said Lucy, as if he had said alo d, Its time to go.

He dusted the ash off his waistcoat.

They stepped out of the window onto the lawn.

"She s making sure of her front seat" ---~~whatsher~~ name, whom Giles admires." Mrs Manresa was crossing the lawn in front of them. Giles was by her side. Her scarf, her hat, her gestures all seemed to set her at the head of the procession. People were coming back from the Barn. Not for the first time that afternoon, Bartholomew blessed the power of the human body to distract the mightiest of men from their enterprises; ~~Gihaxx~~ his son would commit no folly so long as she were there to illustrate the flesh; therefore he excused, indeed loved her; and was amused to find that for all Lucys gold cross and airy ways of casting a wide survey over the world ast and future from her little books of potted science, from her midnight collquies with Jeremy aykor, St. Theresa, and that great mystic Whatshis name--- she had taken a private dislike to a particular person. A woman too. "She was a little hurt that you looked at the swallows while she was talking" said batholomew.

"I was wondering if the same birds come every year" she said.

"people dont like it" he o bjected.

~~He was a man; presumably he knew.~~

"I'll try" she said.

~~Bartholomew could never deby that~~ she had a humble heart; but this was not the time to fathom the human heart, deep as it is, like a lake, in which, so the servants

She had a humble heart. But this was no tim to fathom the human heart, deep as it is, ~~like a lake~~. He could see as he waled across the lawn, the lily pool; where he often paused, thinking of what lay concealed--the bones; the servants said they were a lovers; the naturalists said they were a sheeps. while the dragon flys shot this way and that ~~green and blue~~. and the fl owers and the grasses were re- flected. But this was not the moment to meditate the human heart and its complexity; ~~and~~ or beauty and its sufficiency; when people pressed behind, people passed in front; when, to put the matter in a nutshell, he would like to sit next manresa and let her stir the surface of the lilypool.

The Second Act.

"Lets hope she's skipped a bit" --everybody was hoping that. Tea however had made them more tolerant. After all, it was only a village festival; the means at her disposal-- they understood she was the schoomistress-- were limited; expenses had to be cut; and the actors were shop keepers, farm workers; one was an idiot. They settled in. Where did we leave off? Queen Elizabeth wasnt it? Well, if she got through all that in one act, perhaps she'll reach the present. It'll be amus ng to see how they act that. That'll be comparatively easy. --There I dont agree-- I think the present's more difficult than the past----Theres nothing to catch hold of, so to speak. I see what you mean--- I was cleaning out an old wardrobe t'other day. I found

The Assembly.

Now assembled that have been separate, brought together and made whole, how can we deny thatthe feeing is conducive of surprising harmony? In the evening after tea. When we wake the day breaks us with its hard mallet blows. The office wakes us to disparity. Scattered shattered, haled hither thither by the bell.

"ping, ping ping" thats the phone.

"Forward!.... Serving" thats the shop. So we answer to the infernal, to the eternal, to the agelong and immortal order issued from on high And obey. Working, serving, pushing striving, earning wages to be spent---- here? Oh dear no. Now? No, bye and bye. When ears are deaf and the heart is dry.

But I hear music.... Music wakes us ; music makes us join and see the hidden . hear the broken harmony Look and listen. See, the sun's not set; and the flowers ray their redness, whitebess, silverness and blue; and the trees with their many tongued much syllabing , their green and yellow leaves, singing, rustle us and shuffle us and bid us commingle together, like the starlings and the rooks; crwod together the day over, to remember and to chatter; on our cgairs; while the red cow moves forward and the black cow stands still. Our wish is your will.

my mothers shawl; and a top hat. One cant believe how the fashions change. But d'you think we change? Ourselves, I mean?

I'm very fond of the play myself. It takes one out of oneself---more than a book. And thats what one wants. Something to make one forget; Or perhaps i should say, remember. I feel, though I wouldnt say it in public, half the time we worry about what doesnt matter. People saying the end of the worlds come. And it hasnt. Its by way of an excuse mostly. An excuse for not doing whats dull, you mean. But what about the Jews? And the refugees? People like ourselves beginning life over again ---people who've been used to every comfort. Its always been the same....Well, perhaps.

Its pleasant now the sun's not quite so hot. Really before tea the glare was too much. This is the time of day I like best. Its still hot; its still light. Thats one good the war brought us--longer days. The farmers dont like it. Oh but you cant please everybody. Our Mr Baker wouldnt agree. Baker? Our village socialist. Oh that man.... Reduce us all to the same level... Nature'll see to that..

We neednt have come so early. We mi ht have had a look at the house. Theyre not ready yet. I hear them laughing --dressing up, I suppose. Thats the great thing, for the villagers I'm sure. Dressing up... I wanted to see the house. All these old houses have something, you know.

Even if its nothing very remarakble. T eyve been here some time? Only since the eighteenth century. John Company? A great many families spring from that... The clever boy who ran away and made a fortune. They still run away, but I'm afraid they dont make fortunes.. My nephew..

— — Miss La Trobe was not going to give the signal for the play to start yet. The audience must cease to talk about Mary and John. They w re on their way to settle down. They must become children over the nursery fire listening to songs sung by old nurses. So she told Charlie Poate to play ABC Abc over and ov again, then a ~~Strauss~~ waltz; then something they all knew by heart. —

"Whats the origin of the expression, A flea in his ear? She had been about to drop her handkerchief--the signal for England in the time of Queen Ann to take her station-- when she heard that. They must ~~rub out that~~ sort of thing. They must sink down, down... But if she waited too long, the body would a sert itself; they would fidget. So she dropped her handkerchief.

Mabel Hopkins took her stand on the raised ground in front of the audience. Eyes fed upon her like fish rising. She was very nice to look at. A grey wig, lent b a legal gentleman, was on her head. And bunches of pearls hung at her ears. Her cheeks had been powdered; the red was very smooth and clear beneath. And her grey green satin robe, (a bed spread)

The Audeince

---Its pleasant, now the sun's not quite so hot--
Really before tea the glare was too much--- This is the time
of day I like bestIts still hot. Its still light---
Thats one good the war brought us--longer days--- The far
mers dont like it--Oh but you cant please verybody---
Our Mr Baker wouldnt agree. ---Baker?--- The village
socialist--Oh that man. Educe us all to the same level,
I suppose. Nature'll see to that

--And where did we leave off? Queen Elizabeth
wasnt it? Qell, if she got through all that in one act--
perhaps she'll reach the present. It'll be amusing to see
gow they act that. That'll be comparatively easy--- There I
dont agree. I think the present's more difficult than the
past. Theres nothing to ca ch hold of, so to speak.
---I see wht you mean. I was clearing out an old cupboard
t'other day. I found my mot ers shawl; and a t p hat.
Its amazing how fashions change. But d'you think we change?
Ourselves mean?

I'm very fond of the play myself. It takes one out
of onself. --more than a book. And thats what one
wants. Something to make one forget---Or perhaps I should say
remember----Half the time we worry about what doesnt matter
----People saying the end of th world has come. But it
hasnt--- Isnt it an excuse mostly, for not doing
well, what one ought to? ---Yes, but what about the Jews?
And the Refuggees? People li ke ourslves beginning life

a llover again. people whove been used to every comfort.
--Its always been the same...Well, peraps.

It wont get dark for ever so long. These June nights you can read after midnight. ---And my old mother--- over ninety--she can still read without glasses.
After eighty they get a fresh lease dont they? They go on and on--- D'you want to? I dont go by politicians.
I ask the butcher, or the grover. Theyre the people who know. My boy's been in Russia.... My son in law--the one who' in business--- he's been in Holland....
I have a freind who's marri d an Italian-- She says, the poeple, the common people, cant stand Dicttaors....
Well, different people say dif ernt things...Boxed up in Westmisnter, how can they know?.... I dont listen to anyone who dont spend at least six yxxxx months every years in the country.... Wasnt that an odd case about the dog, who couldnt have puppies? The good clergyman I say, does more work for less pay than any xxxxxxx of us.... Its the wives who make the mischeif.... Still its better for a clergyman to be married... I'd like to make it a penal offence, leaving litter about...But whos to colect the fines?....
All our times taken up with moroting offences... Magiga Magistrates--often retired soldiers of great experince--- give all t eir time to that kind of thing.

And this rental of the Hovis friend....

pinned p in stonelike folds gave her the appearance of a

statue. She carried a sceptre and a little round orb.

Was she England or Queen Ann? Both perhaps. The first

words were lost. She was saying when they could hear her;

..... reason holds sway.

Then she spoke louder:

Time, leaning on his sickle, stands amazed; While commerce

from her cornucopia pours the mingled tribute of

of her divers ores.

In dista nt mines the naked

savage sweats, and from the reluctant earth the

painted pot is shaped. At my behest the armed warrior

lays

sets his shield aside; the heathen leaves the altar

smoking with unholy sacrifice. The violet and the

eglantine over the riven earth their flowers entwine.

No longer fears the unwary

wanderer the snake. And in the

yellow

helmet, bees their honey make.

Beneath the flowing

Undet the shelter of my folding robe

'here she extended her arm)

The arts arise. Music for me unfolds its heavenly harmony.

At my behest, the miser leaves his hoard unwatched;

at peace the mother sees her children play.

Here she waved her sceptre ,

and figures advanced from the bushes.

Let swains and nymphs lead on the ~~dance~~, while

Zephyr sleeps and the unruly tribes of Heaven confess

my sway.

Descending from her plinth Great Anna withdrew into the background.

Mrs manresa drew her skirts about her ankles; Bartholomew joined his finger tips. Music sounded.

A merry little old tune.

Young Damon said to Cynthia

Come out now with the dawn

And don your azure tippet,

And cast your cares a-down.

For Peace has come to England,

And reason holds now sway,

What pleasure lives in dreaming?

When blue and green's the day,

Now cast your cares behindmyou,

Night passes; here is day.

Thats Hal And Mildred.... I seem to know the tune.. Are? Purcell? John Dowland?

Its an old country dance.' The steps arent so difficult; but its not easy dancing on grass.

And look there--- Come!

The villagers passing between the trees.

Now the yre singing. But the wind blows it away. One only hears snatches....

Didding and delving ... for the earth is always the same; summer and winter and spring and winter again....

Their ways of the earth admit of no change. seed is sown; they grow, time passes; we die... The seasons change;

Digging and delving... for the earth is always the same; summer and winter and spring and winter again; The ways of the earth admit of no change; digging and sowing; eating growing; we die. Time passes; but for us one work remains; one sky...

"But what about the Movies? And the dog racing?

My maids dont stay with me as my mothers did...

You cant get young men to stay on the land. Once theyve saved enough they buy motor bikes.... But this is the Augustan age... Age of Queen Ann remember;

And in my village, the farms been in the same hands three hundred years... Pitc ford the name-- Its Saxon, I'm told.....

But look....

The dancers had stopped. And were now seeting a scene round about the figure of Great Anna where she stood mounted, it seemed, on dsome kind of box. They had igged up ot of screens; ~~boxes &c~~; what was meant to be ~~a room. There were~~ the three sides of ~~the~~ room.

And in the middle they stood a table. And on the table there was a china tea set. Now appeared from the dbushes a string of actors; the men in borrowed waistcoats; and white stockings; and buckled shoes. the women in dressing gowns, awith ruffles about their necks. Flour had given them all powdered hair. There were enough stars and garters of a cheap sort to make them look like eighteenth century noblemen and

women.

"Another scene from a play, I suppose" said Mrs Parker, referring to her programme once more.

Oh dear, she muttered, attem ing to follow the synopsis.

Persos in the o er tof their appearance; Sir Lady Lady Harpy arraden, Deb her maid.

Sir Spaniel Lilyliver Squire Jog Trot, Sir Smir ing Peace be with you all!

Laord and ady Fribble

What names for real people!

Only following the traiditon of the time.... Humours, not characters.... Thats why the dramas impossible now.... We're too mixed.... Oh but take Ibsen....

Ibsen I grant... But after Ibsen? Well, theres Shaw...

That proves my case... Shaws only humours -Its not an age for drma---nor for poetry, nor for f ction come to t at. Theres palnety of emotion.... But no time to recollec it ... That aeroplane for instance

(the book of an aeroplane was heard; it grew louder; died away)

Theres no rhyme to aeroplane.. You cant make poetryout of machines. .. But look--- theyve arranged the scene. Its lady h arraden Harradens dressing room.

Between the acts Typescript, earliest, dated draft.

P. 161;
Pp. 164-189 end. Page 168 dated July 30, 1939

Page 170 wanting

On verso of p. 161: [A haunted house. The legacy] p. 3
On verso of p. 166 [The moment. Ellen Terry]
typescript, paginated. 4.
On verso of p. 171 [The moment. Ellen Terry]
typescript, paginated 7
On verso of p. 172 [The moment. Ellen Terry]
typescript, paginated 8
On verso of p. 182[[A haunted house. The legacy]
typescript, paginated 2

On verso of p. 183 [Between the acts] Typescript
paginated 132 and part of later typescript
dated Nov. 22, 1940

That Damon would not get her, But have done with rhymes.

~~I~~ ~~m~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~h~~ ~~y~~ ~~m~~ ~~e~~ ~~t~~ ~~h~~ ~~e~~ ~~m~~ ~~o~~ ~~r~~ ~~n~~ ~~i~~ ~~n~~ ~~g~~ Rhymes are still a-bed. Poets

speak prose. ~~T~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~t~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~a~~ ~~l~~ ~~a~~ ~~d~~ ~~y~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~ ~~k~~ ~~t~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~t~~ ~~I~~ ~~w~~ ~~i~~ ~~l~~ ~~l~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~t~~ ~~g~~ ~~e~~ ~~t~~ ~~h~~ ~~e~~ ~~r~~?

Gifshaker

What can a lady ask that I will not get her?

A n ape with a ring in its nose? A magpie that whistles

every tune from God Save the King to lilliebulero

or a strong young jackanapes to tell tales of us when we're

no longer there to tell the truth about ourselves?

Lady H.... ~~F~~ Fie , fie, Sir Spaniel. You make me blush.

You do indeed.... But come closer...We dont want the whole

world to hear us...

Sir S.... (aside) A pox on my life--the old hag stinks like

a red herring thats been stood ohead over heels in a tar

barrel at Plague corner where our ancestors buried the

Romans (Aloud) Your meaning ~~M~~adam? You were saying----?

Lady H... I have a niece, Sir Spaniel. Flavinda by name..

Sir S (aside) Wh y thats the girl I love to be sure.

(aloud) You have a niece , ~~M~~adam? I seem to
remember hearing so. ~~T~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~ ~~s~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~g~~ ~~g~~ ~~u~~ ~~x~~ ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~f~~ ~~x~~ ~~s~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~l~~ ~~y~~
who ~~perished at sea,~~
~~x~~ ~~x~~ ~~x~~ ~~x~~, so I've heard, in your ladyships charge.

An only child, left by your brother

?

Lady H... The same. She's of age now; and marriageable.

~~W~~ ~~a~~ ~~t~~ ~~h~~ ~~x~~ ~~t~~ ~~h~~ ~~i~~ ~~s~~ ~~x~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~d~~ ~~x~~ ~~g~~ ~~i~~ ~~r~~ ~~l~~ ~~x~~ ~~o~~ ~~f~~ ~~x~~ ~~b~~ ~~e~~ ~~i~~ ~~n~~ ~~g~~ ~~o~~ ~~f~~ ~~x~~ ~~a~~ ~~g~~ ~~e~~ ~~x~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~d~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~g~~ ~~e~~ ~~a~~ ~~b~~ ~~l~~ ~~e~~

And ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~t~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~x~~ ~~o~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~t~~ ~~h~~ ~~f~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~d~~ ~~x~~ ~~x~~ for all he ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~e~~ ~~n~~ ~~t~~ ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~e~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~d~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~e~~ ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~i~~ ~~m~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~a~~ ~~x~~

I ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~a~~ ~~d~~ ~~x~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~v~~ ~~e~~ ~~k~~ ~~e~~ ~~p~~ ~~t~~ ~~x~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~ ~~x~~ ~~m~~ ~~u~~ ~~c~~ ~~h~~, Ive kept her as close as

Kahun

as a weeveil, wrapped like a mummy in the sere

cloths of ~~her~~ virgi nity, only maids about her or some

worm a fleabit

~~s~~ ~~i~~ ~~d~~ ~~x~~ some fool has caught he fancy.

Shes had acces to Libraries. Read Romances.

3 that rissy Miller had , all these years, entertained what the novelists call-- was it a "secret passion for him?

He was avery handsome man still at fifty.

Sir S To match their ears madam,

Very true very true. To cut the matter short, my brother Bob left all he died possessed of to his only child Favinda; with this Proviso; that she marry to her Aunts liking. Otherwise, all--- two bushels of diamonds; item of rubies; item the King of the cannibals headress; item two hundred square miles of fertile territory bounding the river Amazon on the South side; item his ssnuff box, flageolet--he was one to love a tune sir, brother Bob--- item six macaws and as many concubines as he had with him at the time of ~~xxxxxx~~ decease--all this with other trifles useless to specify he left to found a Chapel where six virgins poor virgins might sing hymns in perpetuity for the repose of his soul, ~~thats perambulating the gulf stream~~ which to speak true Sir Spaneil brother Bob stands in need of, perambulating the gulf stream, ~~not to put too fine~~ and consorting with Syrens. ~~a point on the mat er, stands in need of.~~ Read for yourself

(She hands him the will)

Sir S. 'reading " Must marry to her aunts liking." thats plai enough.

Lady H. Her Aunt Sir; thats me... Thats plain enough. Now suppose took a liking to a certain gentleman . You and I have long entertained a high opinion of each others reason Sir Spaniel. Played at ball together. Bound our wrists with daisies, might have made a match of it if fortune had favoured. ...You take my meaning?

Sir S.... Had it been written in letters of gold a foot high, visible from Pauls churchyard to the

Goat and Compasses at Hammersmith it could have been no plainer. Hist, I'll whisper it... I Sir Spaniel Lililiver, do hereby bind myself to take thee, ~~Flavinda to wit~~, whtas the name of the green girl thats cast up like a shell covered with weeds in a lobster pot?--Flavinda ah

---Flavinda so--- to be my wedded wife...Oh for a lawyer to have it all in writing!

Lady H.... On condition, Sir Spaniel....

Sir S.... On condition Asphodilla

(both speak together)

That the money is shared between us.

Lady H... We want no lawyer to certify that.

~~Sirxxaxdxxhxxxx~~ Your hand Sir Spaniel.

"Your lips Madam... (pah, she stinks!"

Curtian.

"The age of reason...Reason " said Bathorlomew aloud. Reason he added, looking at his son, for all the world as if he had been some old Hearty Harbottle in a play; and his son a character given to puling. Cease these womanish vapo rs and be a man Sir, old Batholomew in his role as a man of reason in a farce repeated.

Giles indeed ~~was~~ was straight as a dart; feeling too the effect of the play. Mrs manresa felt her sex indicted by the old harraden. She was a little conscious that is of her make up. She had out her pocket mirror and surveyed her lips. She applied her powder puff.

Now music played, to enable the actors to remove Lady Carr adens bed chamber. The gramophone chirped out one of those eithteenth century t nes which once the theme is stated, can be worked out and added up like a sum.

The theme was; Eve gathering her robes about her satnds reluctant to let her dewy ma ntle fall. The herded flocks repose. Afte that naturally followed the tune; The good man to his home at eve returns; and to the eager ears of wife and child the simple story of his toil relates. What yeild the furrow bears; and how the team the nestling plover on her nest has spraed. how Wat her courses ran; ~~and~~ ~~xxx~~ the epckled eggs ~~in war~~ the warm hollow lay; ~~whakmkmax~~ meanwhile the good wife on the ta le spreads the simple fare. And to the shephers flute, from toil released, the rustic foot it on the village green. Then Eve lets down her sombre tresses brown an spreads her lucent veil o're hamplet, spire and mead

It was lucky that the afternoon was so fine; for as the gramophone tinkled out this interlude, the view acted its part as ~~backr~~ground to the melody. Whether it was The separate colorfs of the fields merged, yet kept their freshness. Far from suggesting night, or death, or the haggard sights that the moon eholds, it bore out exactly what the music was say ng; that after the heat of the day is done, reason prevails; there is time for sensible conversation; and everyb dy comes out and stands leaning over their cottage gates.

[Ellen Terry]

She is still little more than a child. She is sixteen only. But she married to a great painter who is old enough to be her father. She has left tye mstage. She is a married woman. She is the wife of G F "atts the elderly painter. And she is perfectly happy. "I never had a single regret for the theatre she wrote. "I never had one single pang of regret for the theatre " she wrote. "I wondered at yne new life , and worshipped it because of i s beauty....I sat, srhinking and timid in a co ner--the girl-wife of a famous painter.... In the evenings i went walking wit + ennyson over the fields..." Much to her regret, the marriage proved a failure.

Andxthaxthexmasxaxothexmarriagex.

Turn to the next page. Here she is a little older, the mother of two babies, in the country. Domestic life is her ideal. She loc s the country. She washes the babies, cooks the dib er drives about in a p ny cart. She is ntirely conte And then all of a sudden a man in a pink coat--the famous author Charles eade jumps over the raod on hi hunter. He asks her will she axx retunr to the tage and act his plays for forty pounds a week? The bailiffs being in her houe --why, she As the bailiffs-- a blank page occurs here-- are in her house, much against her will she consented.

Hexmanxxxxxxxxblankpagex. Here we meet the first page upon which it is necssary for us to write a great deal.

She gives no help. It is easy enough to fill in what she leaves unsaid about Mr watts; about Mr Godwin; and it is not difficult, considering her genrosity, her impuisvness, to fill the cottage at Harpenden with bailiffs.

coolness r tu ns; reason prevails; there is time for conver sation; and people come out of doors and lean over cottage gates.

The cows acted their parts to perfection. Indeed, the cows rasied the standard above the reach of the actors. So content they seemed, making a step this way, a step that, unconscious of admiration, unconscious of criticism, The grass, the red grass, ~~that was~~ all they noticed.

Millie Loder was at a disadvantage, compared with them. She must forgte, most abolish entirely, her life as shop assistant in Mr Pooles Emproium. It was only by looking in the glass that she could believe that she was, as the play billsaid, Flavinda, gra d daughter to Lady Harpy Harraden, a great beauty.

This was The Mall, early on a May morning. She had slipped out unkonw to her grabdmma.

Flavinda: Half past nine he said; and theres the clocks word for it. But I'm all of a flutter. Dont my heart beat, like a bird in a net... Yet I'm ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ often afoot when the suns hardly out over the elm . Meet him by the orange tree in the all, ~~Sir~~ Marmaduke said.

Orange tree--- we dont ~~dont~~ have em in Suffolk. Nor these ladies e htther. And their Beaus. All a walking, like pea cocks one beside ~~t~~other. Thats him--no its not..

Hie Sir, could you direct me ! What a stare!

A keeeper? No, thats a Lord warrnt you; doing Kigns busines

July 29th 38

The playbill said The all; This was represented by one large box tree in a green tub. Some screens painted with walls represnted the Palace; upon which was hung a great clock face; the hands pointing two minutes to the hour.

Falvinda: Nine he said; and theres the clocks word for it. I'm all of a flutter. Its not the time o day, for I'm often afoot in the meadows before the suns up over the elm trees. Nor the rate I came; though failing a hackney its true I made a dash for it. But the fine folk--- how they stare--all walking a tiptoe like pea cocks with spread tails. And I ~~the stare of all~~ --in my petticoat, That looked fine nough by Aunts cracked mirror. Here--why its a dish clout... And they heap their hair up like a birthda cake stuck about with candles... Thats a d iamond for sure--thats a ruby...

Wheres Valentine? The Orange tree in the all he said. The tree--here. Valneine...nowhere. Thats a courtier-- an old fox with his tail atween his legs. Thats a serving girl out without her masters knowledge. Thats a man with a greatbroom to sweep the paths for the fine ladies flounces. Oh the red n their cheeks--- they never got that in the field I'll warrnt. ... Oh faithless, Cruel, & hard hearted, ~~Oh one minute what a world you hold in your tick tick tick...~~ Valentine, Valentine Didnt I leave my bed a tiptoe and steal steal like a mouse in the wainscot for fear of waking aunt? And lard my hair from herpowder box? and scrub my cheeks to make em shine? Didnt I li awa e all night watching the

the stars climb the chimney pots, Didnt I give my gold guinea that Godpapa hid behind the misteltoe last twelfth night to eb; so she shouldnt tell on me--- and steal out like a thief in my own house? lest aunt should wake and cry Flavvy Flavvy? All for what... Val I say, al.... Thats him...No, I could tell hima mile off. the way he rides like a dolphin the waves.. And his eyes, theres a star in em... Thats not al... Thats a cit; thats a fop. Ill b home then...No that I wont. Thats to play the green gril a again and sew samplers. I'm of age come Michaelmas. Only three turns o the moon and I inherit. Didnt I read it in the will the day the ball bounced on top of the old chest where Aunt keeps her furbelows; and the lid opened "All I die possessed of to my daughter...." So far I read when the old lady came along the passage tapping like a blind man in an alley.... I'm no castaway, no fish tailed mermaid with a robe of seaweed and a wet aproned monster for nurse... I'd have you know ~~ir valentine~~... Im as good as any of em.... the chits you dally with, and bid me meet you at the ornage tree when youre sleeping off the night os spent in their arms. Fie upon you Sir, making sport with a green girl.. I'll not cry I swear I wont. I'll not brew a drop of the salt liquid for a man whos served me so. Iet to think on t---how we hid in the dairy and the cat jumped... reading romances... La how I cried then in the alley under the gooseberry bushes ~~reading~~ ~~in the story~~ how the Duke left poor Polly....Did he l ave you, how could he treat you so, poor Polly? And went in to my Aunt with

"All that fuss about nothing!" said a voice.

Every one laughed. The voice had really believed that valentine and Lavinda had met in the hall; and had concluded, reaso ably, that for the young lady to work up herself up because her love was two minute behind time-- in fact, he was on time-- was a bit too bad.

The audience laughed. Miss Latrobes eye glowed. It was her triumph--she had imposed her own belief upon that voice. (Ashamed, the spaker had shrunk back among the others.) He, or she, had belived what she told him. in spite of the fact that Albert the idot, who had been told to move the cloks hands second b second as Lavinda spoke, had ~~fortotten; and h~~ moved them two minutes at one blow a her speech came to an end. Much of the effct of suspense of had been lost; also the significance of Lavindas 'Tick, tick, tick.'. But nobody no iced such refinements of the producers art, which w s all to th good, considering hat rough mate ial she had to work with.

And she turned to the next problem--a damned ticklish one, as she knew. She beckoned. The bvillagers formed up. They had now to pass in and out betweent he tres, singing. how to make
They had to convey the idea that time ~~was passing~~. And lord knows how they were to do it. (while the scene changed. location)

The ~~harmon~~ gramophone struck up. Rather sheepishly, still in their shirts and cords, with their spades and pitchforks held a little self consicously, for the contra t with the eighteenth centry finery was

[Ellen Terry]

But when we come to to assemble the different features, we are baffled. Which is the real Ellen erry? The mother who adores her babies or the great actress who gforgets all about them when the stage door opens? Is she a devoted wife? On the next page she has sleipped the noose of marriage from h shoulders; and quite casually has married ames arew. alf her life is spent ac ing in the old Lyseum with Henry rving; but meanwhi she is unde standing the most subversive views of the new school; and sympathising wit them. She adores fresh air yet spends half her time in the gas light. An empty airy room with a few old chairs and tables and cotton curtians is her dieal; but shr submits for years to the tawdry gilt and pl h of Irvings theitre. No sooner do we call her malleable, mobile i pressionable--a mere echo of wandering voices than we meet the Ellen erry who is a supreme and consceintious craftswoman. No one is a tate stickler for hard work; no one naows more of the technieuq of the t dtion of the stage. You cant leave anything to chance she says. And she chooses f r the final motto of her book; the words of nance Oldfield: "Ar needs all that we can bring to her, I assure you."

MAN She seems a pro us vessel; in to which every gift has been poured; and to hol them she must peprtually change her shape.

Yet, among actresses she is not the greatest. Siddons, Ra chel Bernhardt have all left a sharper a

still in their eyes, they began their march and their chant.

Digging and dl ving, hedging and ditching we pass...—

Summer and winte r, autumn and spring remain;—

All passes but we, all changes but they remain, ~~for~~ ever,

the same.

Palaces tumbled adown, Pah~~a~~bylon Nineveh tTroy, And ~easar

great house; ~~and the long whit road from evensey~~

iver the marsh; Allfallen they lie; the plough

breaks them into the mud; Where the plover nests was the

rch, through which the Roman trod;

Digging and dleving we break with the ahre of ~~the plough~~

the wall, where Cleopatra watched, thexhandxx for her

~~her~~ Lord; ~~riding~~ home from the war; saw the ~eacons blax

in the sky; The scroll unrolls in the sky; but we digging and

delving see only the clod. Who watches the fire in the sky?

or reads the rune of the blaze? What tower is b nt?

~rom what ash rises the pinacc ed domes and and the

fairy lines of the frture palaces? Digging and delving

we pass; And the walls of the Queen and the watch towers

fall; for the King has ridden ~~and~~ away. The ~ueen is

turned to clay. And the nest is in the arch of the

Digging and delving we pass....

memory behind them. They have struck out certain mages that still survive i the minds of those who saw them; and are still current ixxxhxx eve to day, when years have passed. It seems then that even Shakespeare never wrote a part that completely suited Ellen Terry. There was something that overflowed Imogen and Opheial and remained unacted. There was an Ellen Terry who never appeared on the stage; and yet was a presence, a grater than any of the parts eh played. It may be then that rthe part she acted is one that is very seldom played. Nature who that prolific darmatis has to issue so many parts that to most of us she a lots a few old ch cliches. Very rarely she pulls herself together; and creates a new an original part. And lays it upon one of the human race to act it. To Ellen Terry she said: You shall be a wife; a mother; a painter; a critic; a freind; youshall be all sympathy and all brian. You shall break through the narrow limits tha are usually assigned you shall originate; you shall trespass; you shall take your way full sailed through every society and every conventionl and prove yourself--well, Elleen Terry. And so by a queer stk stroke of firtune whil the great actresses have to be confa to one part--to Cleopatra or Phedre-- Eleen Terry still goes on acting the many parts that were written for her when antn said you shall be yourself.

NYPL

This melancholy chant, half blown away by the breeze was inbeuded useful as a nursery rhyme ~~intended~~ to soothe the audince whi e th~ scene changed into forgetfulness; into harmony. To be sure it was a makeshift. It would need a greater poet than any Miss la trobe had at he bidding to sink words into the layer beneath the hats, trousers, skirt , and other tokens of class, rank, calling, stamped on the audience by several centuries of climbing on top of each other backs and ~~pushing~~ in order to get to the top. What poet since time began could make Mrs Porter of Parking forget that ~~arra~~ Grabdpapa had been under scerteary in one of Gladstones cabin cabinets; or make Mr Tyre (sometime Manager of the Bank of Nepal) forget his glory as presiedent of the Union in 1895? She ha rummaged her little stock of cheap classics in search for this compelling voice; and had concluded that words like Babylon, Cleopatra, Nineveh half blown away, ~~and~~ mispronounced and supported by simple chords on the tinnun gramophone ~~wh~~ were more likely to sink into that water course which runs beneath the college ~~blazer~~ with arms worked in red and yellow wool on the pocket; abd benaeth teh veil of crushed straberry net worn dermud hm something like the Royal Duchess ahd worn it at Ascot, than any articulate poetry. Yet as the villagers passed, dolefully and ~~self~~ cosnciously chanting, she could not but recognise failure. Gaps came. Emptiness revealed itself. Illusion ~~a~~failed. Then all of a sudden, the cows-- the herd turned by B ond into he meadow only yesterday--- took up the burden did the trick. One had lost her calf. She lifted her great

moon-eyed head and bellowed. The dumb yearning put into her xxixxxx bellow was the very voice Miss La Trobe wanted. All the great moon-eyed heads laid themselves back; from cow after cow came the same yearning bellow. It was the primeval voice; yet loud in the ear of the present moment. The cows had caught some infection. Lashing their tails like punk pokers with blobs at the end they began careering. Either it was maternal passion; or the gad fly; or Eros had planted his dart. They were goaded. The cows did what no poet could have done; annihilated the gap; bridged the distance; filled the emptiness.

Now the orange tree had been removed; now the mall was being carted away. The cows stopped; lowered their haed once more browsed statelily.

Thats doen it, said Miss La Trobe hurrying on the scene changers. Pish she said, fixing her bold dark eyes upon William Dodge. "You couldnt have done that, Mr Whats your name; Billy loves Buddy; Buddy has a smut-- Oh bless me its a pimple--on the end of his nose--- Thats your universal common human feeling" Mr "ahts your name. Why make him responsible for the failure of modern portey to provide a common human feeling? She had only one second to tho register the fact human beings have faild each other; we need scapegoats not heroes; without reverence, hixxfxxxxxx him for me, I for him, so theres no hope for us. We have recourse to cows... So in one second she reasoned out her choice of Dodge for scapegoat; her discontent with poetry; her gratitude to cows; before

she turned to the next item in the programme

The audience had lowered their heads. They were puzzling out the complexity of what had happened in the interval. For Miss Atrobe had been forced to cut.

Mrs manresa read out from the carbon sheet:

Sir Sxxxx Spaniel Lilyliver has offered his hand to Flavinda. Sir Smirking Peace be with you all, Lord and Lady Fribble, and Squire Jog Trot all attend to witness the wedding. Flavinda is about to plight her trioth, when, at a pre-arranged signal, Valentine who h s been hidden behind a curtain, steps forward. He claims Flavinda as his bride; reveasl the plot to rob her of her inheritance; and during the confusion that ensures, the lovers fly toegther... Thats whats happened in the interval"

"Now the programme says" Mrs manresa obsevred, that all this has happened in the interval. Th The audience is kindly asked the pr gramme says to imagine it. Now I call that very sensible... taking the audience in their confi dence For you see, if she d put it all in, we should have been kept here till midnight. We xxxxxxxxxx ve got to use our imagi tions, Mrs Swithin" "

She patted the old lady on the knee.

" Imagine Isee whats left out" said Lucy. "Often actors show us too much. The Chinese, I ve been told, if they want to make us see--- say a trace course, just make a little boy do the horses with a clapper. Or a murder. They lay a dagger on a table. In the same way, Racine..."

Mrs manresa looked uneasy. Once more she had exposed

her human heart to as repeatedly to

herself to the shower bath of culture; and her jolly human heart shrank. It ~~was humiliating~~.

"Yes " she said brusquely. "They bore one stiff. The other night I took my nephew, a jolly boy at Sandhurst, to Pop goes the weasel. She helped her human heart to expand by recalling this night with he nephew. She turned to Gles.

"Up and down the city road" he hummed.

Mrs manresa ecalimed. "Did yout a Nanny sing that? Mine did. And when she said Pop, she made a noise like a cork being drawn from a ginger beer bottle~" Pop" ".

She made the noise hers lf.

"Now I'm being naughty and shocking your Aunt" she said. And we must reaklly attend to what these dear good people are showing us..."

Lady Harpy Harbottles drawing room " she read out.

Yes, there the old lady is again. And Sir Spa iel Lily liver. Sounds tof the horses hoffs are heard in the distance. Thats the lovers driving off.

(Albert ~~was~~ hammering a mallet on a table;)

Off they gallop, to retna re n lets suppose. Well--- ~~now~~ her ladyship zspeaks.

Lady arr arpy arraden.

Lady H.H.

Ther's gartitude---a tattered dishclout on the tail of six horses-- half way to Gretna Green already! Oh my deceit ful niece! You that i rescued from the brine and sat all dripping in front of a log fire! Didnt the horn book teach you--Honour thy Great Aunt? How have you mis read it; mis spelt it--learnt thieving and ch ating and reading of wills in old boxes and hiding of rascals in honest time pieces that never missed a second since King Charles's time....Oh Flavinda, oh!

Sir Paniel, limping about the room

Sir S.... Old.. old...old...he called me 'old'

"To your bed old man and drink hot posset."

"lady HH. ..

And she--- did you mark Sir Paniel, how she flouted me? when would ha stopped her?

Sir S. But I811 be even with him. (trying to pull on his great boots) I'll run em to earth...I811 have the law on them...

Lady HH.. Sir Paniel, I beseech you. Take heed. Lets not run mad, we that are ahem---on the sunny side of hedge . For whats this youth they prate of?

Nothing but a goose feather blown on a north wind.

Whereas, Sir Paneil, --- we have stuffed couches; our cushions , ou stuffed couches; our poultices of poppy heads that draw the sting of the gout in

And a bright fire of sea coal on a birsk morning. ten secinds. Be seated, Sur Spaniel. Be seated.

(tried to make him sit on a chair)

Rest your foot on this cushion. 'Tis stuffed I assure you with grey goos fea hers..

Sir SS. Old he called me; and she I swear it as she left the room mocked me. Cupids darts pointed to my foot and all swollen as it is and sneered he gotu Sir spaniel ill befits a Bride bed; or Cupids darts, oh that i could braise her in a mortar; make mince meat of both together; and serve up smoking.

Lady HH.., I pary you Sir paniel lets sit; and lets ravel up the hole t is mornings made; with plain reason. end the gape in our

Tuhs Sir Sir. This talk ill fits a man of aprts. Leave such vapourings; or rather, let em strike where they ll hit s mark. Therss more stars in the sky than one Sir Lilyliver. ethink you how only Toother day you you were likening a lady of your acquantiance ti the contellations. Cassiopeai, Andromeda... The uroroa Borealis Well Sir its true one of the stars has shot; left its shepere eloped with a pendulum--for such was deceit he stood in my randfthers old seven day clock--its not moved a second since- and sunk, ; But there are some stars Sir Spaniel that dont shoot; that sit ; that shine, to put it in nutshell; never so bright as now;

Sir SS....(shakes her head and looks arch) I'll cudgel the rascal... to your bed Sir

Sir S. S....sinking into chir.

Oh that i was five andtwenty with a good sword ~~under my~~ a
at my side
arm...

Lady HH... (bridling) I take your meaning Sir.

And to be sure, I regret it as you do. But to let you into

amscret, I've passed the meridian yself; am through the
for me also,
equator; The dog days are over; and so Sir Spaniel,

we suit ver well. Alls for the best

Sir SS Gods thruth adam, whats your meaning?

The girld escaped; the hoyden flouts me; the rascal thats

hid in the Alls fot the best? Theyre off; past Sta mford

already; and here I sit, with a foot like a burning horseshoe
ch/pk.
chained to the devils anvil....

Lady HH. But Sir Spaniel....

Must i speak plainly? ust I ruputre my vifrgin modesty and

unveil hats hidden... Flavindas off; the cage is empty

but the dugar remains. In plain words, we who joined
bound each with a
our wrists with cowsleips might now use a metal bracelet
chain. To have done with fallals and figures;

here am I Sir Spaniel, Ashpdilla-- but my real

names ue; no matter; what the name is; my heart Sir Spaniel
Th h
is at your service. Now that the tricks doscivered; ~~about~~ the

, Borther Bobs

bounty must go to preserve whats left of his pe mmabulating
Wapletter
ghost. The virgins Lawyer Long rs says, must have it.

Hymns they must sing in perpetuaity for the

repose of his soul. But listen Sir paniel; though we ve

though we have to throw that to the virgins th would have kept us in lambswool for the rest of our days, I'm not empty handed. We have enough to furnish ourselves handsomely for the what remains of our time as husband and wife...

Sir SS. Husband and wife! Why adam I'd rather lash my semf to a tar barrel.... be bound to a thorn tree in a winters gale... Faugh... Let me go.

Lady H H. A tar barrel.... A thorn tree! You that were dwelling on galxies and constellations li eing me to the Heavenly bodies and saying I outshone tem all! Oh man, man, to descend to a tar barrel! Human nature - Human nature. nature nature--- You wont saty? You wont have me?

Sir H H. Not if all brother bobs daiminds were and concubines and this th t and tother--- were and half the habitable globe rich with emeralds, were hung round your traot and Not if....

Lady HH So all you fine words wer tinsel wrppped round a Christmas cracker.

Sir HH. Were bells to hang on a asses neck; fools caps; furbelows... Oh my gout, my gout...

(he hobbled away)

Lady HH left alone...

All gone. Following the wind. Hes gone; shes gone; and the old clock that the rascal made ixxxxxx himself into a ped pendulummfor is theonly one of em all to stop._

A pox on em--- turning an honest womans house into a tavern brawl. I that was Aurora Borealis am shrunk to a tar barrel; am a she ass ~~xhthxaxhmxmxhxxx~~ lashed to a thon tree on inters night. So he said, that used to pay me so many fin compliments. My brain sp ns. Theres notrusting man nor woman; nor age nor youth. Nor fine speeches; nor fine looks;;; ~~Godd After this~~ whos to be sure . Even an honest cl ck can be made to lie. Off comes the sheep skin; out creeps a spotted serpent. ~~Xmmthanxxx~~ Valentine and Lavinda--- get ou to Gretna Green; get you a sprawn of vipers. May you

Si Deb; bring me my green baize table and set the cards. And my fur lined slippers. And a dish of chocolate.

Deb deb...A pox on the girl. Cant I even co mmand an innkeep ers eleventh daughter taken out of the mud and the slime by my great charity to sew me chemises medn my laces.... Deb I say. Deb....

Knocks at the door. Throws it open.

Shes gone too... Whos to medn my stockings; wash the dishes; bring me my glasses; re me the gossip? Whos ti suffer my tenpers and bow to my will? I'm left alone then; sans niece sans lov r sans maid.

Fro

Into the foot his dart he sticks;

And the way of thw will is plain to see:

Let holy virgins hymn perpetaully. Good people all

~~farewell.~~ For where theres a will theres a way, you see.

"Let holy vrigins hymn perpetaally! God truth" exclaimed Bartholomew, catching the infection of the language. Theres a moral for you!

He threw his head back and laughed; like a horse whinnying neighing; if his ears ha been suse ptible they would have been laid back like a horses. At him, with him, others laughed too.

But the words where theres a will theres a way, rose and pointed t Giles. Every clod hopper had his will. Off to Gretna Green with the g rl. The deed done; damn the consequences. So it was in the eighteenth century.

He got up. Fo the act was over. They were shuffling the scene away and there as an interval. The udince stirred. They took dvantage of the interval to stroll about the grounds. It was a great reli f to most. They had been dfeelin cramped. Their minds too injected with this belief, or semi belief, in Garraden, Flavinda, Spaniel and the rest had lost touvh with themselves. And yet not quite. What they called 'themselves' was now part of the other people--the people on the stage. Yet agaib, the disparity of their clothes---their skimpy up to date clothes, voile dresses, flannel trousersm Panama hats hats wreathed with raspberry coloured net in imitation of Ascot hats worn by Royal duchesses--seemed flimsy and

[A haunted house- The legacy]

2 stopped one moment and looked to the right, she would be alive now. But she had stepped straight off the pavement, as ~~if she were deep in~~ thought. th man at the inquest had said. The coach
~~What was~~ e had no chance to pull up. she thinking about?

Abo t him?

The sound of voices in the hall interrupted.

"Miss Miller sir " said the Miad.

~~Miss Miller came in.~~ NYPL

e had never seen her alone in his life. nor of course in tears. She wa terribly distressed, and no wonder. Angela had been much more to her than an employer. She had been a freind. he gave aher a few seconds , turning away to the window, in which to recover herself.

She could not speak at first. Then she recov made an effort.

"I'm ashamed" cshe apologised. "But Ive been so happy here..."

She looked round the room in which , for many years, she had worked with Angela..

"You dont know" she said, "What Ive owed to you...."

All that remained was to give her the brroch that his wife had left her. And what , to a girl left in her position, he thought, as he gave it wa her, was a little jewel like that?

Natura;;y he had to say to her:

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

She was standing by this time, rdady to go.

"For me? " she asked, "Oh no.... I can manage.

She seemed genuinely surprised at the question.

"But one thing I do ask you to promise me " she said,

Ten minutes interval.

He got up. For the act was over. They were dragging the scenery away. and there was an interval. Soon the grounds were dotted with groups, ~~xxxx~~ moving, like cloudsm which sometimes lose their ~~shapexmxhenxx~~ substance, then increase, as they tailed off, then gathered together. It was a great reli f to move; yet, as they encountered each other, they looked critically; now at a felt hat, now at a raspberry coloured veil; for the brave y of feathers and flounches was in their eyes, and the 1939 fashion seemed out of date.

Miss ,a t robe was working like a nigger behind the bushes. scattering clothes round her, foraging for this that and the other. Flavinda was in her petticoats. Queen Ann had thrown her mantle on a the holly hedge. The Victorain mantle-- with the bead fringe--where was the damned thing? Every n w and then she cast her qucik blackbirds eye over the hedge at the audinec. Out of good manners, dertemined not to spy on her, they kept their distance from the dressing room. ~~Vxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

If the intervals too long, it'll all to be done again, If they wander off... That was in her mind, making her lay about energetically, hurrying up the next act. Ove the hedge came stray voices, voices without bodies, symbolical, voices they seemed to her in her excited stae. Insvisible threads connected them, hence their more than surface meaning.

On little donkey then " she en ouraged herself.

Stumble. Hear not the frantic cries of leaders who ,leading, are deserters; not the chatter of the china faces glazed and hard. Hear other voices. the chepeherd by the broken wall, who pours a potion for his coughing sheep; the ~~maon~~ of the withered tree that haers the Rider gallop; the brawl in the barrack ro m when they striiped her naked; harsh voices; cries which in London when I thrust the window open unable to sleep, someone cries." -

Giles and Mrs manr sa emerged from the Green House. She followed them across the lawn to her seat in the front row. The chuff chuff chuff of themachine in the bushes had stopped. In obdeience to Mrs Miss a Trobes co mand, another tune had been put on the gramophone. Number Ten. London street r cries it ws called. "A pot Pourri."

Someone said;

It all looks very black, the Intruder.

Another said;

What made us so late coming along? The cricket match...

Another:

They must have buried a good many dead donkeys under that vine.

And another:

I'd cut down some of those trees.

Whos seen Mrs Rogers? Miss Latrobe snapped. Praise would be given after the play. Flavinda was craving praise.

Whos seen Mrs Rogers?

There was a pause. No one passed the bushes. The trees rsutled. A breeze was springing up. Many eyes, Miss Latrobe knew, for ever cell in her body was absorbent, were looking at the view. About the waether they were thinking; about the chance of a fine tomorrow. They were slipping through her fingers away from the centre. She snatched up the Victorian mantle; and a great yellow cameo brroch.

Where was that cursed washerwoman? Here, unexpectedly, as usual , was Mrs Swithin.

straying in where she had no business, Always surprised.

"Oh Miss La Trobe!" she ejaculated..

And stopped. And then began again:

"I do thank you...I do congratulate you... Youve given me such a treat....Ever since I was a child--many many years ago now, Ive felt, this daily

round, going up stairs you know, and then saying What was I going for? My specs? No I have them on my nose....Ive felt ;; ..." she stopped and gazed at Miss la trobe with ~~that~~ a cloudless old aged stare Their eyes met disapssioantely, in the effort to bring a common meaning to birth. But they failed; and Mrs switin swerved aside, and explainedonl--a fraction of her meaning:

"What a very small part Ive had to play, I've felt. Miss a Trobe. But youve made me believe I could have played...Cleop tra."

Then she smiled and ambled off.

~~Miss a Trobe smiled too.~~

The villagers winked; and touched their foreheads.

"I might have been Cleopatra" Youve strirred in me,

Mrs within meant, my furled up, my unacted part..

"Now for the skirt, Mrs ogers " she said.

Mrs ogers stood grtoqesque in her balck stockings.

Miss la Trobe pulled the voluminous flounces over her head.

I've twitched the insvible strings that connect us, she meant, Miss La Trobe inwardly was ad ressing that witch like spirit in her that presided over the bubbling cauldron; where in her own mind , she seethed all these wandering bodies, these disconnected voices; and then, from that elemental stuff, --but But thats not enough. Oh no. In her own mind, she presided over a

"Youve twitched the invsible strings Miss La Trobe"

so Miss la Trobe revised Mrs Switings meaning.

But she saw herself not merely as a twitcher of strings; she saw herself as one who presides over a cauldron; who seethes in that cauldron wandering bodies; floating voices; who makes rise from that cauldron, and its amorphous mass a re-created world.

"There!" she said, tying the black ribbons under Mrs Rogers chin, "Thats done it!"

"Now for th gentlman-- Charlies!" She beckoned to Charles Histed, the the village carpenter; and he sheepishly took his place on the packing case; and submitted to the application of a pair of black whispkers. With his eyes shut, and his head leant back, he looked, Miss la Trobe thought, like King Arthur; ~~nobly, manly, xxx~~ knightly, noble, thin. "Wheres the Majors old frock coat?" she asked, trusting to ~~the~~ that, to disgusie King Arthur.

"I wish ~~xxx~~ one of you 'd turn on the gramphone... The Lord irritably. Which number?
Number tweleve..."

Number twelve was turned on.

It was a medley of street cries.

"Sweet lavender, sweet lanvend r, who'll buy my sweet lavender...." it ground on.

"Sweet leavneder, sweet lavender...."

the tune gave old Mrs Arthur Johnson, ~~of the~~ an excuse to seat herself. She was feeling tired. So she plumped down beside her old freind Etty Springett. "I remember..." she nodded in time to the tune.

You remember...they used to cry it down the streets -

They remembered; sitting round the table in the summer

drawing room; with the curtains blowing; All a blowing,

all a growing; (the tune changed) the men came crying

geroaium and vernea; sweet william; and stocks.

A harp, I remember, and a hansom and a growler;

So quiet the street was then. Two for a hanssome; one for a

fourwheeler--- Eliza used to whistle, standing in her cap

and apron...

The tune changed.

Any old iron, any old iron?

That was what the men shouted; in the fog you

remember. Seven Dials they came from. Garotters; men with

red handkerehifs. You couldnt walk--dear me no--home from

the play. And loose women, Picaddily corner... Everywhere

loaves of bread in the gutter. The Irish you know--

they gnawed bones in the street. My father remebered

Lord yron, and meeting the old duke in the park. Two fingers

like that--he'd touch his hat... But Lord Byron---I've got

my mothers album; and the sketches of Chillon; the lake and

the lovers; and the poems written in what they called then

the Italian hand.

Whats that? Knocked em in the Old kent Road!...

I remember. The boot boy whistled it. Oh my dear the one

servants! Sixteen pound a year wages! And those cans!

I And the hats of those days; and the crinolines; the stays..

The gentlemen went to the Club.. I remember the turnpike at

Kensington; and the Crustal palace; and how Miras slipper

was lost in the mud.

Any old iron any old iron to sell!

How that brings back the fog!

It was thus that the two old ladies, who had taken their seats drew in these whiffs; and the fumes--Sweet lavender and old iron-- shaped once more from the vacant space on the terrace that old house. They carried stories. The stairs down to basement were twsited; rats lived in the cellar, where papa--kept his wine. At eight my father--mine too-- the gong sounded for prayers; then at nine, Papa kissed her; he was off for in those days business was business. No lavatory basins; of course no tele hones; We were leven. We were eight. It took my mother half the morning, house pi[illegible]. Now she simply rings up th stores. They s[illegible] and anything. a whole meal, the big stores. Now of cours[illegible] they start with a car; and each flat has [illegible] r frigerator, fitted; so a gi[illegible] nin[illegible] do. Its labour saving, its hygeinic I [illegible]. And [illegible] cant tell the tinned meat fr[illegible] I hav[illegible] mit. But there was sone thing, in spit[illegible] the [illegible]; oh and the meat went sour; an[illegible] it wasnt [illegible]e -- a little boy used to see one [illegible] f [illegible]ty, much was exagerrated; but still. in spite [illegible] when I think of my father, or take Mr aldstone, we had som thing they miss.

The green sward remained emoty, while the next scene was being arranged. And now, still aiting, they seemed to see with approval their own bodies, slim as wands,

And we wore I suppose a greatmany petticoats; but

~~and~~ certainly I dont suppose it was wholesome-- crinolines must have carried the dirt; pretty as they were. I remember my gauze; and in summer, there was the Row; In winter skating. How all the girls stood round in circle when --oh Ive forgotte her name-- she married and went to India- ~~she~~ dropped a petticlat on the ice in Regents Park... But now.. . They nodded. For though the scene remained empty, some of the audience was returning; and on the ver same row of chairs--was she man or woman? She woretrousers; and --- those I think they call shorts. Hygienic? But one must think of appearances. Of course j own daughters feel just as i do. Only theyre getting on now. Theyve children at school. Odd to tuhink of it, but my grandsone, who was entered for his fathers house at Eton the very day he was born-- hes at a prep at astbourne-- And my son had his son put down for the A theneam--I like these ~~old customs~~-- Well, theyll both be not so very far past forty when the twentieth century--~~how odd that~~ sounded-- has become-- what will they call the next one? Two thousand I suppose.